

Slow Cherry

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Slow Cherry

by [kayte_overmoon](#)

Summary

He had a notification glaring at him from his inbox.

Mr. Not Found: Hi :) Just wanted to make sure you're still available for tonight. I really wanna hear your voice again.

“Ah, shit,” Dream muttered. He pulled up the dialogue box and typed out a response.

Dream: Hi Princess! I'm good to go, I just got stuck in traffic. Give me two minutes? 🙄

Mr. Not Found: Sure thing! The link is live whenever you're ready. Same one as usual. Can't wait to talk to you.

Dream, the idiot, smiled to himself at the response.

OR

Dream has been slowly befriending his favorite camboy for a year. When the camboy tells him he's moving to Dream's city, he has to figure out what to do with all these Feelings.

AKA, the DNF camboy AU no one asked for but everyone needs.

Notes

Story title from "Milk and Honey" by Jessarae.

This fic is not only longer, but also REVISED. So if you read chapter one the first time, no you didn't! This version is way better and fixes several plotholes I invented while writing.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Come on, come on, come on!”

Dream was practically vibrating in place, fingers drumming against the pole he was leaning on. He glanced at his phone again.

6:51 p.m.

The buses on campus were never particularly fast, but today they seemed to be moving through quicksand. Maybe he would get home quicker if he walked. A glance out the bus window quickly dismissed that line of thought. The snow was coming down even worse than it was earlier. It looked like a fucking snow globe outside, so of course everyone suddenly forgot how to drive.

Dream sighed for the fifth time in as many minutes.

The bus finally spit him out at his stop at 6:58. He stumbled off the bus and slid his way all the way down the street to his apartment building, thankful for his hockey experience as his shoes slipped in every patch of ice he came across.

He was panting by the time he unlocked his apartment door, his hair fluffy and cheeks ruddy with the cold.

His roommate, Sapnap, was sitting on their couch with his arm thrown around his “friend” Karl, who had a hand on Sapnap’s thigh when Dream came in. They made no effort to move apart as he blew through. Karl called out a cheerful “Hey Dream!” as he passed, but he barely looked at them as he booked it into his room.

The moment his bedroom door was shut, he was shedding his coat and hoodie, leaving him in his tee shirt and jeans. His snow-soaked sneakers landed in a pile beside his door. Within moments, he was booting up his desktop and plugging in his headphones. As he was waiting for it to load up, he ducked over the mirror on the back of his door to fix his hair.

“Idiot,” he whispered to himself, letting his hair fall back where it lay. He wouldn’t even be turning on his webcam. Why was he worrying about how his hair looked?

He sat at his desk and frantically navigated to the website he had in a private bookmark. The webpage loaded, the baby blue background filling his screen. He had a notification glaring at him from his inbox.

Mr. Not Found: *Hi :] Just wanted to make sure you’re still available for tonight. I really wanna hear your voice again.*

“Ah, shit,” Dream muttered. He pulled up the dialogue box and typed out a response.

Dream: *Hi Princess! I’m good to go, I just got stuck in traffic. Give me two minutes? ☹*

Mr. Not Found: *Sure thing The link is live whenever you’re ready. Same one as usual. Can’t wait to talk to you.*

Dream, the idiot, smiled to himself at the response.

He finally got settled—an old dish towel and a bottle of lube now joining him inconspicuously at his desk. With his headphones on, he clicked the link at the top of his private message box with Mr. Not Found.

The private live chat booted up. The border of the screen was sparkly baby blue, with little swirls and mushrooms dotting it. A box in the corner held Dream’s name and nothing else, ensuring he was on audio only, not video.

Mr. Not Found hadn’t noticed him yet. He always streamed from his laptop with the fancy external webcam Dream bought him a few months back, so his picture came in clear and bright. He was lounging on his side in his bed, scrolling absently through his phone. His dark hair was loose and unstyled, the way Dream liked it—it made it easier to imagine the camboy in his bed, Dream’s hands tugging on those brown locks and messing them up as he pleased.

He was wearing an outfit Dream had bought him, as he’d requested. He wore a pair of tight blue-and-white striped briefs and matching thigh-high socks. His feet were tucked delicately back against his body. Dream couldn’t see the front of the briefs because of the way the camboy was

laying, but he could admire the curve of his hips.

The last item of his outfit was Dream's favorite, despite the fact that it was the most mundane item.

It was a hoodie. Big, black, with a simple white print on the front.

It was a hoodie that used to be Dream's.

His heart sputtered at the sight.

It had taken some convincing—and a hefty tip—to convince Mr. Not Found to let Dream send him something that had been his. It was one thing to buy him something off his Amazon wishlist. It was another thing entirely to box up one of his belongings and ship it over to him.

It had been too expensive. Shipping wasn't cheap—there was a whole ocean between them, after all—and the hoodie was one of Dream's oldest and most well-worn. But seeing it on his favorite camboy, who he didn't even know by name, just felt right. It was worth the money.

"You look good in my clothes, doll."

Mr. Not Found looked up from his phone when he heard Dream's voice. He stared at the screen, confused, before his face burst into a bright grin that made Dream feel like he was staring at the sun.

"Dream!" His voice—smooth, sweet, and deeply, deeply British—hitched with surprise.

"Don't act so surprised," Dream said, laughing softly. "You knew I was coming."

The camboy sat up on the bed, stashing his phone on the nightstand. He was painfully attractive in the multicolored lights he had set up in his room (many of which Dream had purchased himself). He tucked his legs under himself and leaned toward the camera so Dream could see how the hoodie hung off his narrow frame. He had known Mr. Not Found was significantly smaller than him, but seeing the proof of it made Dream glad he'd already removed his jeans.

“You scared me,” the camboy said. He was pouting, but Dream knew it was all in good fun based on the cheeky sparkle in his pretty dark eyes.

“Aww, I’m sorry munchkin.” Dream laughed at the way the camboy scrunched his nose at the nickname. Dream knew he hated that one. “Would it make it up to you if I told you how fucking hot you look right now?”

Mr. Not Found rolled his eyes. “You tell me that every time you see me.”

“That’s because it’s true every time I see you. You’re gorgeous.”

The camboy blushed, trying to hide it by ducking his head. That was one of the things that made him so alluring: he got flustered so easily. For a man who literally made his living letting strangers on the internet watch him fuck himself seven ways to Sunday, he was surprisingly sweet. Dream made it a point to tell him that every chance he got.

“Dream,” he whined. “Stop it.”

“Oh, come on.” Dream dropped his voice the way he knew made the camboy shiver. “You and I both know you get your rocks off when I tell you how pretty you are, how sweet you are, what a good boy you are for me.” The camboy licked his lips, eyes glazing over as Dream spoke. “It’s that praise kink we both know you have.”

Mr. Not Found stuck out his tongue at Dream. “You’re so mean to me.”

“You like it.”

The camboy shrugged. “Yeah, well…”

Dream hummed, knowing the camboy could hear it well because of the AirPods he had in. “Are you ready to get started, sweetheart? Do you need anything?”

The camboy nodded eagerly, that grin returning to his face. He shifted on his knees eagerly. “I don’t need anything. Thank you, sir. I’m ready whenever you are.”

Dream laid back in his chair at the honorific the camboy used. He hadn’t really known he was into the whole power dynamics thing until he’d come across Mr. Not Found’s public streams nearly two years ago. The first stream he saw, the camboy was testing out Bad Dragon dildos suction cupped to a wooden chair while people sent in tips to control his speed and chose the toy he rode. It was pretty tame, as far as camboy streams went, but Dream had fallen in love with the young man’s sweet moans and whines as he sunk down onto each toy. He literally dreamt of the desperate look he gave the camera every time he sunk down.

He was hooked after the first show.

He was glad the streams were archived on Mr. Not Found’s profile. Dream spent the better part of one of his free weekends holed up in his room with the lights off. He watched all of the camboy’s previous streams. Luckily(?) for Dream, Mr. Not Found had only recently started streaming. Before Dream found him, he mostly posted prerecorded solo videos, shorter but no less enticing than the live streams.

Dream had never seen himself as the type of guy to pay a camboy and send him gifts every week, but here he was. Mr. Not Found knew to expect a new gift from him every Thursday, and they had a standing private chat Friday nights at 7:00 so he could show off the gifts Dream sent him.

Dream was smitten.

He was pathetic.

“Did you like your gifts this week, baby?”

The camboy nodded. “I did, sir. The socks are actually really warm. I’ve been wearing them around all day to keep me warm in the apartment.”

Dream smiled knowing he was, in some small part, taking care of his favorite—and only—camboy. “And the hoodie?”

At the mention of the garment, the camboy meekly grabbed the hem of it. “You really shouldn’t

have sent it.”

Dream tensed, pulling himself out of the scene. “Shit. I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have pushed. If you want to send it back, that’s totally fine. I’ll pay for shipping. It was really inappropriate, I shouldn’t have—“

“Dream! Dream!” The camboy had his hands out, sitting up on his knees with eyes wide with concern. “You’re fine! Don’t apologize. It’s actually perfect. Probably one of the best things anyone has ever sent me.”

“Oh,” Dream said. Very eloquent.

“Yeah.” The camboy pulled the collar up to his nose and took a deep breath. “I love it. It—it smells good.”

Dream held back a groan. “I didn’t wash it before I sent it to you. It’s not gross or anything. I just wanted you to... feel like I was there with you, I guess.”

Mr. Not Found smiled. “You’re cute when you get all wound up.”

“Hey!” Dream protested. “You can’t even see me. How do you know I’m wound up?”

“I can tell by the sound of your voice.” The camboy spread his bare thighs and braced his hands on the bed between them. God, what Dream wouldn’t do to see the arch of his back in person. “We’ve been doing this for a while. I’ve got you figured out. I can play you just as well as you can play me.”

“We’ll have to see about that. Some other time, though. I’ve got plans for you tonight, doll.”

“I like the sound of that.” The camboy wiggled a little. Dream knew him well enough to know he was shaking his ass. He wanted to smack it so badly. “Are you going to tell me about these plans?”

“Maybe,” Dream teased. “If you’re a good boy.”

Mr. Not Found perked up. "I will be. Promise."

Dream chuckled lowly. "Remind me to get you some fluffy ears and a tail. You're just like a puppy sometimes, I swear."

"I thought I was your good little kitten," the camboy said. He leaned teasingly toward the camera again, hanging off the edge of the bed. "Or was that just talk in the heat of the moment last time?"

Dream blushed, glad, not for the first time, that he'd chosen to keep his face a secret from the camboy. "Sometimes I think you remember too much. Brat."

"Hey!" The camboy laughed. "I only remember what I can use against you later."

"Oh, because that's so much better."

The camboy whined, shimmying on the bed to urge Dream on. "Come on! Tell me what to do!"

"What for? Are you excited or something?"

"Yes!" The camboy sat back, spreading his legs wider, and Dream could finally see the bulge in the front of the underwear Dream bought him. He was hard, and there was a little wet spot making the tip of his dick stick to the fabric. "I've been ready for you for an hour."

"An hour?" Dream said. He pressed his hand over the bulge in his own boxers, holding back a moan at the touch. "My, my. Someone's eager for me tonight."

"Only for you, Dream."

Dream smiled at the sweet little platitude, false as it was. "Alright baby. I'm going to let you choose which toy you wanna use tonight."

He bit his lip in thought. “What kind? What do you have in mind?”

Dream loved the fact that that was a question. Not many people had enough sex toys to categorize them into different uses and scenarios. “I wanna see you cum just from having something in your sweet little ass. Think you can do that tonight?”

The camboy whined, clearly liking the idea. “I can. I just got a new toy I’ve been wanting to try out. I can test run on you before I break it out on stream. And before you say anything...” He held up a hand just as Dream was about to speak. “I know your rules. No one else bought this for me. I’ve been eying it for a while and finally decided to treat myself.”

Dream was pleased he remembered his rule. He didn’t like George playing with toys other people bought him when it was just the two of them. “Special occasion?”

The camboy shrugged. “It was my birthday last week.”

“What?” Dream said. “You should have told me. I would have done something special!”

“Dream, no.” The camboy rolled his eyes. “You already did something special. Whose money do you think I bought it with?”

Dream snorted. “Okay. Fair. But still.”

“Don’t you ‘but still’ me.” Mr. Not Found rolled his eyes again. “You can make it up to me tonight, how about that?”

“Well, if that’s the case.” Dream tapped his chin. “I’ll let you make one more decision tonight.”

Mr. Not Found quirked a dark brow. “Oh?”

“I was going to edge you until you begged me to let you cum. But,” he interjected when the camboy began to squirm again. “Now I’m feeling generous. So I’ll let you choose. Do you want that? Or do you want me to help you cum as many times as you want? What’ll it be?”

The camboy groaned, rolling his shoulders and dropping his head. “Fuck,” he muttered. “Can’t I have both?”

“Not tonight, baby. I don’t want to wear you out before your stream tomorrow.”

He whined and scrunched up his mouth, genuinely giving it thought. That was another thing Dream adored about him: he took everything seriously, especially when it came to his own pleasure. After a moment of thinking, he decided. “Can I do multiple, please?”

“Sure thing, sweetheart.” Dream was kind of hoping that’s what he’d pick. As much as he loved edging him to the point of tears, he loved seeing him cum until he was dry even more. “Go get your toy and lube for me, okay?”

The camboy nodded and levered himself off the bed to comply. Dream admired him as he got up, taking in the full effect of the outfit Dream sent him. The hoodie fell to cover his ass when he stood, which was a shame, but the knowledge that it was Dream’s hoodie covering him up set his blood on fire.

He kept his sex toys in a carefully organized plastic cabinet in his closet. Dream watched him dig around in the top drawer and pull out a bottle of lube, the camboy’s favorite brand on the label. Then he bent to rifle through one of the lower drawers. The hoodie rode up, and Dream unabashedly admired his ass.

He returned to the bed shortly thereafter, collecting a towel from a stack on the dresser as he went.

“Show me what you’ve got, hot stuff.”

Mr. Not Found grinned and set the towel and lube on the bed before walking closer to the camera. He showed Dream his new toy: a sleek, black, silicone prostate massager. It was L-shaped and ridged, with a control panel where the two prongs met. “It vibrates and pulses,” he explained. “It works like a plug, almost, but this part here...” He pointed to the lower end of the L. “Presses against the perineum. It’s supposed to stimulate from the inside and outside all at once.”

Dream swallowed back a moan at the thought. “Sounds intense.”

The camboy grinned, fiddling with the controls so it buzzed to life in his hand. “I should hope so. Paid a bloody arm and a leg for it. The reviews said it was worth the price though. The battery is supposed to last for hours.”

Dream raised his eyebrows at that. “Hours, you say?”

“Don’t push your luck,” the camboy said, although they both knew this could drag on as long as they wanted to. Something about their dynamic, the way they play off of and fed into each other’s arousal, ramped up the heat so they could both keep going as long as they could stay conscious. “How do you want me?”

“We’ll take it slow, at first.” Dream took the liberty of tugging down his boxers and kicking them to the side. He would feel odd about sitting ass-naked on his gaming chair on a Friday evening if it weren’t for the fact that he’d been doing it every week for the past six months. “You can touch yourself how you want at first. Get yourself ready. But as soon as the toy goes in, I’m in charge. Got it?”

The camboy nodded eagerly, pressing his thighs together. “Yes, sir.”

Dream grinned. “Good. Then just get comfy, baby. You’re going to be here a while.”

Chapter End Notes

TikTok: @kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Now, the camboy was reclined against a truly impressive pile of pillows, the camera positioned at the end of the bed to give Dream a perfect view of his body. The towel was spread out on the bed under him, ready to catch whatever mess he made.

The camboy was trailing his fingers lightly over his thighs, easing himself into his headspace.

“When was the last time you got off, sweetie?”

The camboy looked up at the camera, his eyes already looking soft and sleepy. “Tuesday night. I was too sore after the stream to do anything.”

Dream smiled. Tuesday had been a subscriber milestone for the camboy, so he’d celebrated with a five-hour-long stream. He came more times than Dream could count, testing out toy after toy until his legs were jelly and his voice was gone. “Good,” Dream said. “You’ll have plenty to give me then, hmm?”

Chapter Notes

Someone please count the number of kinks in this thing. I lost count.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream had Mr. Not Found move the camera to get him a better angle. Now, the camboy was reclined against a truly impressive pile of pillows, the camera positioned at the end of the bed to give Dream a perfect view of his body. The towel was spread out on the bed under him, ready to catch whatever mess he made.

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The camboy nodded, his sock-clad toes curling against his light grey duvet.

“I need you to do something for me before we get started, okay?”

He nodded again. "Anything."

Dream smiled. He really was too sweet. "Where's your water?"

The camboy blinked, his dark lashes fluttering. Then he burst out laughing.

"What?" Dream said, chuckling with him. "Did you think it was going to be something sexy?"

"Well, yes," he said. He was already standing up to grab a water bottle from out of frame though. "That's kind of what we're here for."

"I just want to make sure you're taken care of." Dream watched him roll his eyes as he took a swig from the bottle. "I know you forget to do normal human things when you're like this. Why do you think I kept tipping you Tuesday?"

"I was wondering if the whole hydration thing was a joke you were pulling. Like you wanted me to piss myself or something."

Dream laughed. "Nope. You were going for a long time. I figured since everyone else was paying to tear you apart, I'd do what I could to hold you together."

He put the water bottle on the bedside table with his phone so he could reach it easier before crawling back up against his pillow mountain. "You have a possessive streak a mile wide, you know that?"

"You're just figuring this out now?"

The camboy laughed, looking totally at ease. "No, I've known since the first time you yelled at me for wearing underwear someone else got me during one of our private meetings. Don't worry," he said, because he somehow always knew when Dream was doing just that. "I think it's really hot."

"I'm glad you think so." Dream watched him run his fingers over the toy on the bed next to him. "You excited to try that out?"

He nodded. "Mmmhmm. This is my first vibrating massager. I've got dildos and vibrators, and that metal massager you got me a couple months ago." Dream hummed, remembering the toy fondly. "I can't wait to give it a spin."

"Let's get you comfortable with the controls first, then," Dream suggested. "Turn it on. Lowest setting."

The camboy grinned and grabbed the toy, turning it on like Dream asked. The humming it made came in clear through Dream's headphones.

"Spread your legs for me, doll."

"Want me to take off the briefs?"

"Not yet," Dream said. "I'll tell you when to take them off. Don't you worry your pretty little head about it. You just focus on listening to my voice and making yourself feel good. Let me handle the details, okay?"

He nodded, socked feet slipping on the bed as he spread his thighs. There was a mole right in the middle of his left inner thigh that Dream could pinpoint with his eyes closed—he wanted to kiss that spot.

“Now I want you to rub the toy up against your cock,” Dream said. “Nice and slow, baby. Just on the shaft. Don’t want you to get worked up too quickly, do we?”

The camboy whined in response but obeyed without hesitation. The first touch of the toy to his clothed dick made his whole body jump. His cock twitched, pressing up against the vibrations eagerly. His breaths stuttered, a shocked little moan slipping past his lips.

“That feel good?” Dream asked, knowing damn well it did.

The camboy’s voice took on a higher, breathier pitch than before. “Ye—yes! It’s just the lowest setting but it’s still... really strong.”

Dream let him rub his cock with the toy for a few moments, watching the wet spot where the head was get wetter and wetter with each slide. “Okay baby. Press it to the head and don’t let up until I say so, alright?”

“Yes, sir,” he panted. His chest rose with a deep breath and he held it, bracing himself, as he obeyed Dream’s command. As soon as the vibrating toy met the wet spot at his tip, the breath whooshed out of him in a high moan, almost a squeal. His legs spasmed, no doubt trying to close and get away from the sensation, which Dream knew was too much, too soon. “Dream! Dream please!”

“You’re doing so good baby.” Dream stroked his cock, barely needing lube with how much he was already leaking but getting some on his hand anyway as he counted to 15 in his head. He watched the camboy squirm and pant, admiring his restraint. Anyone less experienced would have either cum right then or pulled away from the sensation. Mr. Not Found did neither. He endured the pain/pleasure with resolve. When he hit 15, Dream said, “Okay sweetheart, you can let up.” The camboy did so with a relieved breath, his hips arching up after the toy without his permission. “Oh, you really like your new toy, don’t you? Can’t wait to get it inside you?”

The camboy panted, the toy held aloft in his shaking hand. “Dream,” he whined.

“Turn it off for now,” Dream said. The camboy pouted but obeyed. The line fell silent in the absence of the toy’s buzzing. “Set it aside. Go ahead and pull down your briefs.”

He pressed his legs together and hooked his thumbs under the waistband of the briefs, getting them down with a shimmy of his hips. He threw them out of frame, uncaring where they landed. When he spread his legs again, Dream caught his breath.

He’d never been turned on by just the sight of someone’s naked body before he found Mr. Not Found. He needed to be in the mood, or be touched. But every time he looked at the camboy, especially with his legs spread like that, made heat curl in his stomach like a contented cat.

His cock was ruddy and hard against his tummy, nestled in the neatly-trimmed hair stretching from his dick to his navel. His skin looked paler than usual between the blue-and-white socks against his thighs and the black hoodie hiked up around his hips. The elastic band of the thigh-highs dug into the skin, his soft flesh spilling out over the top.

He was a sight. That went without saying.

“Good,” Dream breathed. “You look real good, baby. So handsome for me, hmm?”

The camboy grinned, pulling up the collar of the hoodie to hide his face.

“Aww, don’t get shy on me now!” Dream said. “We haven’t even gotten started yet!”

“Sorry,” he giggled. “You just always sound so genuine when you compliment me. It’s sweet.”

“That’s because I really mean it,” Dream said. “You’re a real good-looking guy. People don’t just stick around your streams to hear those pretty moans of yours. Though they definitely help.”

The camboy pulled the hoodie back down so he could stick his tongue out at Dream.

“Put that back in your mouth,” he admonished. “Watch it, sweetheart. Don’t make me punish you.”

The camboy grinned, keeping his tongue between his teeth as he did so. Clearly, Dream had reacted the way he wanted him to.

“It’s a good thing you’re so cute, or I would make sure you don’t cum until you’re gagging for it.”

He pouted, shuffling around to get comfy. Dream watched him idly adjust the top of the socks and wished more than anything that he could get his hands on him.

“Alright. Now that you’re nice and cozy, I want you to get ready for your toy. How many fingers do you want to do?”

The camboy hummed for a moment, looking at the massager on the bed beside him. “Can I just do two? It’s not that big, and I like the stretch anyway.”

“If that’s what you want. You know your limits better than I do. This is your birthday present, remember?”

He grinned and grabbed the lube, pouring some onto his fingers and slicking them quickly. “You’re so good to me, Dream,” he said in a sing-songy voice.

Dream snorted. “Yeah, yeah. Just get to it, sweet cheeks. I wanna see you fuck yourself silly already.”

The camboy wrinkled his nose in a little grin. “That can be arranged.”

A bit of shuffling later and the camboy was easing one slim finger inside himself with a held breath.

“What,” Dream said teasingly. “A couple days without any action and just one finger makes you gasp?”

Mr. Not Found rolled his eyes. “Shut up.”

Dream chuckled. “Fine, fine. No more teasing. You’ve been so good for me. Go on. At your own pace.”

The camboy nodded and bit his lower lip. His hand flexed under the sleeve of the oversized hoodie, so Dream knew he was working that finger in and out. Pretty brown eyes slipped shut, and the camboy tipped his head back. He huffed delicately and pulled his finger out to add more lube.

The camboy pulled back the sleeve of the hoodie and tipped his thighs further apart so Dream could watch him slide two fingers into himself.

Everything about this pretty man on the screen was perfection to Dream.

He only worked himself open for a couple minutes, noises nothing more than short, stuttered breaths and the occasional whine. Soon, he pulled his slick fingers free and wiped them off on the

towel beneath him before looking back up at his camera expectantly.

“All done?” Dream asked softly, unwilling to break the easy quiet that had fallen over them in the past few minutes.

Mr. Not Found, apparently sharing the same sentiment, simply nodded.

“Okay, baby.” Dream nudged his bottle of lube a little closer on the desk, just in case. “Go ahead and slick it up. Use as much as you need.” He watched the camboy’s careful movements as he did what he was told. “Now push it in, really slow. It’s been a couple days and I want you to feel the stretch. Once you get it all the way in, twist it so the flat part is tucked behind your balls. That way you can reach the controls.”

The camboy nodded again and pulled his legs up so his thighs were fully spread, his socked feet dangling in the air. The camera was high enough that Dream could still see the pinching of his eyebrows as he began pushing the prostate massager into himself.

A gasp tapered off into a low, satisfied moan. Long legs trembled as shaking fingers eased the toy in at a glacial pace. He clearly took Dream’s command of taking it slow seriously, and the toy wasn’t fully seated until nearly a whole minute later. Dream watched his muscles clench down around the base of the toy before he shifted his grip and twisted it.

The camboy’s eyes rolled back, and Dream smiled.

“Tell me how it feels, sweetheart.” Dream’s hand tightened around his cock. It was taking too much effort not to push himself to release; he didn’t want the fun to be over so soon.

“G-good,” the camboy gasped. “Fuck—fuck. So good, Dream.”

“Watch your mouth, baby. I know it feels good but you can’t go forgetting our rules so easy.”

The camboy nodded, bottom lip drawn between his teeth. “Sorry sir. I was just surprised by it. I’ll do better. I promise.”

Dream hid a pleased grin at that. “I believe you. But you’re going to have to edge yourself once for your language. Understand?” The camboy nodded so Dream asked, “Do you need a minute or are you ready to turn it on?”

“I’m ready,” he said immediately. Dream recognized the tension in his body and knew he was struggling to stay still, trying to obey Dream’s command. “Let me turn it on, please.”

Dream gave him the go-ahead and he eagerly reached down and pressed the button to start the vibrations on the lowest setting.

It was impossible to tell what kind of expression he made as the toy buzzed to life inside him since he arched so hard Dream couldn’t see his face anymore, but he would put money on it being a good one. To keep himself from coming just at the sight, Dream focused on the camboy’s toes in those pretty socks curling into the bed under him.

After a few moments of his body convulsing, the camboy slumped back down, letting out a held breath. “Oh fu—oh,” he gasped, catching himself before he broke the no swearing rule again. He hummed, deep in his chest. “I-it’s really strong. I can’t—it’s like it’s wiping my brain clean, I can’t think.”

“You don’t have to,” Dream said, something warm and possessive curling up in his gut. “Let me

do all the thinking, darling. Just feel good and listen to my voice.”

The camboy whined, his eyes slipping shut. His hips jolted, like he wanted to grind but had nothing to rub against. Dream once had him straddle a pillow and grind against it until it was soaked in cum. It had taken him much longer to get off than usual, and his ears were burning with embarrassment by the time he finally spilled over the pillow with a shuddery whine. He told Dream he threw it out after that, cum-soaked beyond saving. Dream ended up replacing it for him and got off to the memory of it for weeks. Knowing he had that sort of control over someone else.

It was a heady feeling, one that made Dream’s hands shake now just as much as they had back then.

“Do you like it, baby?” Dream asked, his voice weaker than he wanted it to be. Still so close to going over the edge himself, it was a miracle he could speak at all. “Can you feel it working you over from the inside and out?” The camboy nodded, eyes still squeezed tight. “I bet you love when someone touches you there when they’re fucking you, hmm? Love it when they rub up behind your balls while you spread your pretty thighs open, letting them do whatever they want to you and you just whine and moan and beg for more.”

Mr. Not Found could only moan in response. His knees were shaking where they spread to let Dream see everything. The first time Dream ever punished him, he’d made him polish the head of his cock with the palm of his hand right after he came because the camboy had tried to close his legs around his dildo. He knew better now.

What a good, obedient boy.

Dream echoed that sentiment now. “So good for me, precious. So eager to give control over to someone else. You don’t care if they get a little mean and boss you around so long as you get off.”

This was something new to their dynamic: the degradation. Dream knew from the beginning how affected the camboy was when someone called him pretty on stream or when Dream whispered how good he was in their first voice calls. He was strict about certain things in his chat, making it clear that he would stop the stream if people put him down or got creepy. Degradation was one of the soft limits listed in his profile. Dream thought he’d crossed a line the first time he called the camboy a slut—his exact words were, “You’ll just take anything I give you, won’t you? Slutty little cum-dump.” It took a few moments of hasty apologies for Dream to realize the blank look on the camboy’s face wasn’t disgust or anger. It was due to the fact that he’d came untouched between his thighs without Dream’s permission. When his brain landed back in his head, he’d flushed red under Dream’s frantic apologies and concerns for his well-being. He’d levered himself off the dildo he’d been riding and collapsed onto the bed in a boneless heap, silent for a few moments before he turned to his computer and told Dream they were doing that again.

In the present, Mr. Not Found squirmed in his spot, legs lifting up so his feet were off the ground, spreading himself open to Dream’s gaze as his hands clamped down on the bedspread on either side of him. He bit his lip to muffle a desperate whine. Dream watched in amused arousal as his dick twitched against the hoodie—Dream’s hoodie—getting the hem all sticky with clear pre-cum.

“Remember, you can’t cum until I give you permission,” Dream said, but he knew he would end up being more lenient on him. He was weak for this pretty stranger on the internet. Besides, it had been a long day and he was just as worked up. He just had the protection of a blank screen instead of a camera pointed in his face. If the camboy could see his face, he’d see how desperate Dream was for him, how far gone he was.

“Yes, sir. I won’t cum, n-not until you tell me to,” he said, as much to convince himself as to

respond to Dream. It looked like a stiff breeze could push him over the edge.

“Good little slut,” Dream cooed. “Turn the vibration up.”

He jumped to obey, fumbling with the controls before he managed to push the button to increase the buzzing of the toy inside him. He gasped when he was successful. His hands curled into fists and he pressed the knuckles of his free hand to his mouth, briefly muffling his whimper before ripping it away and letting his noises spill free.

“Dream,” he breathed.

“What is it, baby?”

“It feels so good.”

Dream chuckled. “Happy birthday, sweetheart.”

The camboy laughed briefly before arching again, the force of the laugh pulling the toy closer in, tighter against his perineum. He pulled one of his legs up, wrapping a hand around his knee to keep it up while the other leg thrashed listlessly. A whine slipped past his tightly-closed lips. “Can I touch? Please sir.”

“No baby. You can’t touch. But I’m proud of you for asking. Such a good boy for me, aren’t you, kitten?”

Mr. Not Found whined again and pulled up the hoodie so he was no longer dripping on it, showing off more of his tummy up to his ribs. As soon as he moved it, a thick glob of precum slipped off the tip of his cock and pooled just beneath his navel.

“You look so fucking good, princess.”

“Dreeeeeeeam.” The long, drawn out moan stuttered with his breath. He no longer seemed able to keep his head up or his eyes open; Dream wasn’t bothered, since he was giving such a show from the neck down.

There was a reason he paid this man so well.

“You getting close?”

His chin bobbed in a shallow nod.

“Okay. You can change the vibration whenever you want, but you have to turn it all off right before you’re ready to spill, alright sweetheart?”

A more eager nod this time, his hand scrambling for the toy buzzing between his legs. Dream couldn’t tell how many settings he’d jumped up, but the hum of the massager was just barely drowned out by the camboy’s increased panting. One of his hands moved to pull the neck of the hoodie back over his face. He wasn’t smothering his noises, only pressing his face against it, eyes fluttering open to stare unseeingly out at the room.

Oh god, Dream thought. He’s smelling the hoodie. He’s smelling me while he’s getting off. His dick twitched and he let out a moan of his own at the realization.

The camboy’s eyes came into focus as he gazed at the computer in curiosity. Then he smiled, half-hidden by the hoodie. “You like that, sir?” His voice was low and shaky and the sound of it made

Dream suppress a shiver. “You like knowing I’m surrounded by your scent while my new toy is doing all the work? Like knowing I’m pretending you’re here with me?”

Dream gasped, releasing his cock as he pulled himself back from the brink. Fuck. He hadn’t intended on edging himself this evening, just watching leisurely as Mr. Not Found got off for him. He hadn’t thought this far ahead when he sent the hoodie, not knowing how much it would make that possessive beast inside him growl in satisfaction.

“Fuck, sweetheart.” He tipped his head back to catch his breath, the camboy’s strained breaths still sounding in his ears. “You’d better hope I never get my hands on you. I’d never let you go.”

“Not sure that would be... be a—ah—a bad thing.”

Dream chuckled, wiping his sweaty hands through his hair. He would drain his bank account dry for this man.

Another strained moan pulled Dream from his breather. “Dream.”

He hummed in question.

“I—I’m close.”

He lifted his head to look at him again. He was curled deeper in the hoodie, the sleeves pulled over his wrists, fingers of one hand clutching his leg so tightly the skin was going white. His eyes were dark and far away again.

“Yeah?” Dream asked, just to tease. “You going to cum for me?”

The camboy gasped, hips rolling steadily and other hand gripping the fabric of the hoodie tighter across his mouth. “Yes, yes, yes. Dream—“

“Ask.”

“Can I cum?” He nearly sobbed, thighs twitching. “Please Dream can I cum?”

Dream hummed for a second to draw it out, watching his pretty dick twitch against his tummy. Then with a light tone, almost unaffected, he said, “No.”

Now the camboy did sob, desperately close. He twitched, tensing, and Dream thought for sure he was going to disobey him. But, like the good boy he was, he reached between his legs to turn off the toy. The pitch of his whimpers went up and he couldn’t get it turned off quickly enough, so he ripped it out instead, treating Dream to the sight of his twitching hole closing down over nothing.

Mr. Not Found panted and whined his way through the denial, legs squirming unhappily on the bed as the toy still buzzed in his hand. His head fell back against the pillows, his chest rising and falling rapidly beneath the hoodie. He raised a shaking hand to push back his sweaty hair, leaving it a messy wreck on his head. He didn’t care in the least, forcing himself to breathe through it.

Dream grinned. “You’re so pretty.”

The camboy put a hand over his eyes, laughing. “Fuck you.”

“Hey! Rules.”

“Oh come on,” he said. “You earned that one. I was so close.”

“Fine,” Dream conceded. Then, without thinking, he added, “Be glad I’m not there. You wouldn’t be able to sit right for a week.”

“Bet you wish you were here to make good on your threats, hmm?”

Dream groaned lowly. “Don’t enable me. It’s bad enough knowing you’re sitting there, smelling like me, thinking about me touching you. I don’t want to cross any lines.”

The camboy slipped his fingers under the top of his socks, straightening them where they had slipped in all his squirming. His dark brown eyes were cast down, refusing to meet the camera. “You’re not. You couldn’t, Dream.” He looked up and Dream caught his breath at the earnest look in them. “You have to know that you’re different from the others.”

Taken aback, Dream sputtered. “Well. I mean... I bet you say that to all the boys, hmm?”

“I don’t,” he said, more serious than he had any right to be, with his legs spread, cock leaking on his stomach, prostate massager still going in his hand. “You know I don’t. They’ve picked up on it. They know you’re different. That I treat you different. You’re the only one who has a standing appointment. You send me twice as many gifts as all the others combined. You tip me during stream just to make sure I’m hydrated, for God’s sake. I can’t count how many times you’ve stayed on call after to talk me down. You even distracted me from mean people in chat by talking about the new Bethesda game last week. I let you get away with more than any—“

“Whoa, whoa, whoa.” Dream held up a hand, knowing the camboy couldn’t see him. “I’m gonna need you to stop. Don’t play with me like this.”

“I’m not playing, Dream.” The look in his eyes confirmed that he wasn’t kidding. “I’m serious. I’d be interested in meeting up if you—“

“Okay, alright.” Dream scrubbed a hand over his face. “Jesus.”

His face fell. “Oh. I’m sorry. That was too far, I shouldn’t—“

“No!” Dream said. He was starting to feel bad for interrupting him so many times but communication was getting difficult. Most of his thinking power was not in his head right now. He let out a strained chuckle. “Jesus, kid. You’re fine. You’re perfect. I just wasn’t expecting that. I figured this was just, you know, strictly professional. And how do you know I’m not some 40-year-old creeper or something? You’ve never even seen my face.”

“Doesn’t really matter if you are. Clearly you know what you’re doing.” He tilted his head, gaze far away. “It can be professional, if you want it to be. I’m not catching feelings or whatever.” That made Dream laugh, and the camboy relaxed at the sound of it. “You’re just good to me in a way the others aren’t. My prospects are a little...” His fingers trailed up his thigh again, and Dream’s gaze was drawn to the movement like magnets. “Dry, at the moment. I’m moving next month, to the States. The return address on the package you sent was pretty close to the place I’m moving to. I already know you’d be down if I offered.” He shrugged with a wave of his hand. “Obviously. Wouldn’t hurt to offer, at least.”

Dream’s heart was about to give out. He was moving? Here? He’d spent the better part of two years pining for this man from a distance, safe in the knowledge that he’d never actually meet him, and now he was going to be within driving distance? There was no way he was awake right now. Regardless of whether this was just a nice dream or not, he said, “Yes.”

He blinked. “Yes?”

“I want to. God, you have no idea how much.”

The camboy grinned, not teasing like it usually was, but earnest. “When?”

Dream chuckled. “It’s cute to see you so excited. But it won’t be for a while, at least. I’ve got a couple more finals before I’m finished.”

“Wait, you’re still in school?”

“College, yes. I’m of age.” Dream rolled his eyes at the fading panic on the camboy’s face. “I’ve only got one semester left after this.”

“You’re a senior in college and you have enough money to be my sugar daddy? How’d you swing that?”

Dream shrugged. “I wrote a computer code that... a certain media company bought off me.”

The camboy’s mouth dropped open. “You’re kidding.”

“Nope. For real.”

“You’re definitely telling me all about that when my dick isn’t out.”

Dream snickered, smothering it with his hand while Mr. Not Found looked thoroughly pleased with himself. “Sure thing, sweetheart. Want me to do something about that?”

He rolled his eyes good-naturedly. “If you would be so kind.”

“Turn off the toy.”

The camboy frowned but obeyed.

“Do you need more time to recover or can we keep going?”

“Keep going,” he said. “I won’t last very long, but I’m not close anymore. The nerves pulled me back a little.”

“Aww,” Dream cooed. “Were you nervous to ask me to fuck you, sweetheart?”

His cheeks flamed, gaze suddenly everywhere but the camera.

“Oh,” Dream said, less teasing. “You were.”

Mr. Not Found hid in the neck of the hoodie. “Maybe a little.”

“Aww does somebody have a crush?”

“If you don’t stop teasing me, I’m going to end the call without making you get off.”

“Fine, fine,” Dream laughed, feeling light in his chest. “You’re just adorable. I can’t help it.”

The camboy pursed his lips to keep himself from smiling. “I’d be even more adorable with cum all over me, don’t you think?”

“Who do you think you are to make such demands?”

He rolled his eyes. “Whatever. We both know I could convince you to do anything. I could tell you

to drop everything and book a flight over here and you would.”

The scary part was that he was right.

The camboy heard something in Dream’s silence, so he said, “I’d never do that. Besides, I’ll be right in the same city in a matter of weeks. Just a quick drive and you’ll be in my bed, right where I want you.”

Dream swallowed hard. Yeah, there was no way he was awake right now. He’d passed out from the rush of blood to his dick at some point and he was just having a very pleasant dream.

A laugh from the other line brought him back. “Did I break you?”

He cleared his throat, hiding it with a little laugh. “Maybe a little.”

“At least wait until you let me cum to fall apart.”

Dream snorted. “Deal. Put the toy back in.”

“Sir, yes sir.”

A few minutes later, the camboy was gasping as Dream made him turn up the vibrator, bit by bit until his legs were shaking uncontrollably. He was pressing the heel of his hand against the toy, shoving it up against his perineum as it worked him from inside and out. His mouth hung open, unselfconscious in his pleasure.

Dream’s dick was leaking steadily over his knuckles as he stroked intermittently, keeping himself on the edge but tipping over. He wanted to wait for Mr. Not Found.

He wouldn’t have to wait long.

“Can I touch myself? Please Dream, can I?”

“No,” he growled. The camboy whimpered. His free hand had been reaching for his dick, but he curled his fingers into a fist, hand hovering, not sure what to do with it now. “You almost came without it once. You can do it. I promise.”

Another whimper and a full-body shudder.

Dream took in the whole gorgeous picture of him. He was flushed and sweating, clearly overheated but unwilling to take off Dream’s hoodie. Every now and then he’d turn his face into it to get another whiff of Dream’s cologne; each time he did, he seemed to relax all over and get closer to the edge all at once. The top of one of the stockings had fallen down again, rolled down to the knee while his pale thighs shook uncontrollably on either side of the hand between his legs. His pretty cock was once again twitching against his tummy, the edge of the hoodie fallen down so Dream knew he would end up cumming all over it (which was, for the record, an absolute non-issue). Toes curled against the bed, one hand pressing against the toy, the other hand unable to land anywhere so it just hovered uselessly by his shoulder.

All at once, his thighs tensed and his back arched, noises ratcheting up an octave. “Please s-sir, can I cum? Please, please, please, Dream!”

“With me, darling. I’m going to count.”

Mr. Not Found sobbed but nodded, making a visible effort to relax and hold himself back.

“Ten, nine, eight.”

Dream sped up the strokes on himself, staring unblinkingly at the man on his screen. He didn't want to miss a single twitch or moan.

“Seven, six.”

The camboy's moans stabilized into staccato moans, hips rolling in the same rhythm.

“Five.”

His free hand planted in the bed, curling into the towel beneath him.

“Four.”

Dream took a controlled breath, his own thighs tensing as he held himself back. He was close. So, so close.

“Three.”

Brown eyes focused on the camera, staring at him right through the camera.

“Two.”

“One.”

Thighs shaking, the camboy held back. The countdown was done but he knew better than to let go before Dream said...

“C'mon, sweetheart. Cum for me.”

And he did. Spectacularly.

His whole body locked up, both hands now gripping the bed as he arched and writhed. A long, almost pained whine escaped him. His cock got the message a moment later, twitching and spilling a heavy load of thick white cum. As Dream thought, a lot of it landed in a wet pile at the hem of the hoodie.

Dream's hoodie. Covered in the camboy's cum.

Dream's eyes rolled back as he finally let go.

Chapter End Notes

TikTok: @kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

Let me know where you think the story is going/what you'd like to see next.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Another snap came through as he was making a sandwich. It was a picture of the hoodie, no longer on the camboy but tossed in a cum-stained pile on the bed with the soaked towel. Ruined your hoodie :(Guess you have to send me a new one.

Dream smiled at the phone, a little giddy.

“What are you smiling at, punk?” Sapnap called from the living room, still fixated on the game.

“Pics of your mom,” Dream threw back teasingly. “She says hi, by the way.”

Sapnap flipped him off while Karl laughed at them both, but they left Dream in peace. He shook his head at them with a smile.

Chapter Notes

I didn't beta this, so I apologize for errors. I'll do a revision in a couple weeks.

Also. Plot holes and inconsistencies are just how I roll so. Just enjoy it and don't think too hard into the choices being made here.

TikTok: @kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: kayte-overmoon

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Before they ended the call, he and Mr. Not Found exchanged Snapchats so they could keep in touch without using the streaming site.

Dream was worried all the talk about meeting up was just heat-of-the-moment stuff, but they had been off the call for all of two minutes when he got a snap from the camboy.

It was a gorgeous picture—on his stomach, an utter mess from the two extra orgasms Dream had led him to, his back arched enough to show off his bare ass under the hoodie, face out of frame—but that's not what stopped Dream's breath. It was the message.

Can't wait to do that again in person sometime.

He stared at it for a solid minute before his brain came back online. When it did, he regretfully clicked off, not wanting to screenshot without his permission. He responded with a picture of his PC, screen still logged onto Mr. Not Found's homepage. The caption read, *Glad you were serious about that. Can't wait to have you, doll.*

He got dressed after he was clean, hearing his phone chirp with a notification as he pulled up his pants.

His face was in this one, smooshed against his arm as he pouted. It wasn't dirty like the last one, but it was cute as hell.

Do I still not get to see your face?

Dream smiled and held out a hand, bracing it on his desk so the camboy could see the veins and muscles working. He took a picture and wrote, *Haven't earned it yet. Besides, I don't even know your name.*

A couple minutes later, two notifications came in right after each other.

Mr. Not Found took a screenshot.

Mr. Not Found is typing.

Dream raised an eyebrow and sent a little ?? in chat. So much for not taking screenshots without permission. Not like he cared.

Sorry. Hand pics are my guilty pleasure.

And hey! I don't know your name either! At least you know what I look like.

Dream rolled his eyes but supposed he had a valid point.

Patience is a virtue, he wrote.

And good to know about the hand pic thing. Can't imagine why you like them

Dream left his room to get dinner—he was famished after their meeting, rightfully so. He should also probably get some Gatorade, just in case.

Sapnap and Karl were still there, loudly playing a video game with the volume cranked. Karl sat on the floor, leaning against Sapnap's legs as they both stared intently at the screen, dogging each other in the game. He was thankful for the noise, since it meant they likely hadn't heard anything scandalous.

Another snap came through as he was making a sandwich. It was a picture of the hoodie, no longer on the camboy but tossed in a cum-stained pile on the bed with the soaked towel. *Ruined your hoodie :(Guess you have to send me a new one.*

Dream smiled at the phone, a little giddy.

“What are you smiling at, punk?” Sapnap called from the living room, still fixated on the game.

“Pics of your mom,” Dream threw back teasingly. “She says hi, by the way.”

Sapnap flipped him off while Karl laughed at them both, but they left Dream in peace. He shook his head at them with a smile.

He snapped a picture of his sandwich, making sure to show a little bit of his hand. *Why would I keep sending you stuff if you just get it all dirty? Shipping ain't cheap, you know.*

He collected a Gatorade and retreated back into his room, leaving Sapnap and Karl to their devices. He didn't feel like socializing right now. At least, not with them.

Not with anyone but the man on the other end of the phone.

The next photo came through chat so it could be saved, for which Dream was very grateful. The camboy had moved to his bathroom, perched naked on his counter while the bath filled in the background. He took the photo over his shoulder in the huge floor-to-ceiling mirror, his body twisted so Dream saw everything from the curve of his ass, the dimples in his spine, all the way up to his shoulders twisted to take the picture, still flushed red from their earlier activities. Dream saved the photo before even reading the caption to go along with it.

IDK you tell me

He made a very fair point.

Dream would miss that huge mirror once the camboy moved.

They continued snapping over the next couple days, getting to know each other beyond the scope of their video chats.

Most of their messages were innocuous, discussions about movies and TV shows and video games they were looking forward to. Dream was pleased to find out they had similar tastes in almost everything. It all felt a little too clandestine. He was trying very, very hard to not get attached—trying and failing pretty hard.

Mr. Not Found sent him cheeky photos, almost none of them nudes, but many of them teasing enough for heat to pool in Dream's stomach. One day he was eating ice cream and sent Dream a picture of himself licking it off the spoon. Another time, he showed Dream his "haul" from his latest shopping spree, courtesy of Dream's last private stream with him. The haul was just an excuse to send half-naked pictures of himself to Dream. Dream couldn't find it in himself to mind.

Several nights they stayed up chatting, usually just text or photos but occasionally sending voice messages when something was too difficult to put into words. Nothing too deep, just talking. Dream couldn't even tell you the subject matter. All he knew was that it felt good.

The following Wednesday, the day after the camboy's regular public stream, Dream got a notification from Mr. Not Found. Not a rare occurrence these days by any means, but it made him pause.

He sent Dream a video.

He really should have known better than to open it. He was still on campus, waiting for his next class in the hallway of a somewhat busy building. It was the middle of the day; he figured the camboy wouldn't be sending him porn in the middle of the day.

He was wrong.

He was thankful that he had the sense to plug in his headphones before he hit play.

He was wearing the hoodie again, now clean of cum, falling over his thighs but not obstructing what was going on between them. The video was shaky as he took it while he was riding a thick dildo suction-cupped to his bathroom floor, but Dream couldn't find it in himself to care as he almost immediately became hard at the sight.

He was facing the huge floor-to-ceiling mirror once again, watching himself fuck back onto the toy while he filmed himself for Dream. He was gasping quietly, breath rushing out of him in strained little breaths as he rolled his hips over and over and over again. He was trembling a little, Dream noted, the hand holding up the phone shaking too much to get a clear shot. His other hand was jerking his cock frantically, mouth hanging open around cut-off moans, his wet hair flopping over his eyes.

He must have just gotten out of the shower. The mirror was fogged over, just a little spot cleared enough for Dream to watch him ride his toy eagerly, not even holding himself up with a hand. The cold tile must have been hell on his knees. Dream appreciated the effort.

He appreciated it too much. By the time he finished the 30-second video, he was fully hard in his jeans in public. Luckily his bag was blocking it from view, but he would have to stand up eventually

He opened chat to send him a message.

Baby, I am in public

It was read immediately, and the camboy typed back a response.

U didnt have to open now

Not my falt

Dream smiled a little at the typos. Clearly, he was still on his toy if he was making that many errors. The thought was both endearing and insanely hot.

Couldn't wait until Friday for me to talk you off?

The response came quickly.

No

Another video followed right after. Looking around to make sure no one was peeking over his shoulder, Dream opened it.

He was still riding the toy, knees splayed a little further now. He'd dropped the grip on his cock to brace himself on the floor in front of him. The picture wasn't very good at all—he was no longer pointing the camera at the mirror, but the floor. Dream could only see his hand curling into the tile, his thighs straining, and every now and then the head of his dick as it bounced with the movement of his body.

But it wasn't the visual that shook Dream to his core.

Mr. Not Found was moaning, not exaggerated like on their public or private streams, but soft, genuine.

Intimate.

And it wasn't just moaning. He rolled his hips back once and a soft exhale escaped his lips: "Dream."

Dream felt like a teenager, the way his heart was fluttering and he was so close to creaming his pants without so much as a leg to rub against.

So much for the whole “not catching feelings” thing.

He sent the camboy his weekly gift as usual so it would be ready for their private Friday meeting.

It wasn't personal this time, like the hoodie had been. He just ordered something off the camboy's wishlist and planned to take it easy.

He sent Dream a picture of the package when it arrived, a little smiley face attached to the photo. Dream smiled when he got it but quickly tucked his phone away to resume studying. Every time he heard his Snapchat notification, his heart jumped. It was insanely distracting and he needed to focus more on his schoolwork if he wanted to graduate in the spring like he planned. When the camboy moved, he would genuinely do anything to get his hands on him—who wouldn't want to sleep with their favorite cammer when given the opportunity? But he'd mentioned something about keeping it professional, casual. He didn't want Dream to get all mushy. He just wanted a fuckbuddy he was already familiar with when he moved to a new city. Any sort of "feelings" would just complicate it for both of them.

Besides, the end of the semester was approaching and he'd barely started studying for finals. Usually, he didn't study and made solid A's and B's without even trying. But his comp sci classes had been kicking his ass, and he had to pass the final to graduate on time. He couldn't afford to be distracted if he wanted to finally be done with school.

That didn't stop him from continuing their weekly session as usual.

Stress relief, and what not. Good for the mind.

He wasn't as rushed as the week prior, so he took his time setting up and getting comfortable. He brought up the site on his laptop and settled on his bed, in a comfy shirt and a pair of loose sweats. It had been a long week and he just wanted to get off, talk to his camboy, and go to bed.

Despite his efforts to stay chill, his breath caught when the camboy's camera booted up and his

face came into focus.

He was still fiddling with his camera, getting it set up, when Dream greeted him. “Good evening, gorgeous.”

The camboy jumped back, looking at the camera then down to his computer screen, where he saw Dream was already in the call. “Jesus Dream. Don’t do that.”

Dream laughed, watching a smile sneak its way on the camboy’s face. “Sorry.”

It was a simple setup today: the camboy’s overhead lights were dimmed, the yellow lamps in his room casting a warm glow across his skin. His LEDs were set to magenta, which mixed with the yellow and made him look warm and cozy.

It made Dream want to do something horrible. Like curl up with him and take a nap or ask to pet his hair or something.

Mr. Not Found was dressed down. Dream told him to be comfy, wear something soft and casual. He wore a dark long-sleeved shirt that could have been green or blue—Dream couldn’t tell in the low light. He had on a pair of boxers, lighter in color than the shirt and looking well-worn. He did look cozy. Dream appreciated it, even if he knew it took the camboy absolutely no effort.

The raunchiest thing around was the brand-new pair of dark brown cat ears perched on his head, the headband hidden so well in his messy hair that they may as well have been growing right out of his head.

He was so fucking beautiful. What the hell.

As if sensing him watching, the camboy pulled back and tipped his chin to his shoulder, posing for Dream. “Do I look okay? Everything to your liking?”

“Baby, you could wear a doormat and I would still love it.”

The camboy laughed, endeared. He lifted his hands to fiddle with the cat ears, looking at himself in

the monitor. “This was an odd combination, but I like it. Not being all dolled up. It’s like I’m just a pet, lounging around the house.” He cut his eyes back to the camera, looking out from under his lashes. “Waiting for my master to come home and pay me attention.”

Dream tried to suppress a pleased moan but it just came out as a stuttery breath that betrayed exactly how much he liked the sound of that.

Mr. Not Found smiled at the sound, tipping his head innocently, knowing he had Dream right where he wanted him. “How was your day?” He slipped away from the camera, the picture shaking a bit as he repositioned the tripod.

“Better now,” Dream said honestly, too tired to flirt or tease.

The camboy smiled softly, settling on the bed on his knees. Intentional or not, he sat like a cat, blinking at the camera intently. It shouldn’t have been as hot as Dream thought it was. “Long day?”

Dream grunted in agreement. “Long *week*.”

“Finals coming up?”

“Mmhmm.” Dream closed his eyes, too comfortable in his bed with the camboy’s soft voice washing over him. He’d picked up on Dream’s mood and was setting his tone accordingly. He was so accommodating. Dream didn’t deserve him.

“I remember what that was like,” the camboy said, prompting Dream to open his eyes again to look at him. God, even just looking at him was like taking a sip of cool water after walking through the desert. “I do *not* miss it. All those late nights studying and still feeling like I didn’t learn anything. It’s a miracle I made it through.”

“You finished college already?”

He nodded. “Graduated with a computer science degree... two years ago? Yeah, I guess it has been that long.”

Dream did the math. “Wait, so you’re older than me?”

He smiled. “It appears so.”

Dream swallowed, not knowing why that was suddenly so hot to think about—having such power over a man at least two years older than him. “It was your birthday just now. How old are you?”

“Just turned 24,” he replied smoothly.

“Oh,” Dream said dumbly.

A dark brow lifted. “Is that... a problem?”

“What?” Dream blinked at him. “Oh. No. No, it’s not a problem. Just... computing.”

The camboy snorted. “You’re so weird.”

“Hey!” Dream chuckled. “Give me a break. It’s been a rough couple days. And now I’m computing the fact that I apparently like dominating older men. You learn something new every day.”

“How old are you, anyway?” The camboy settled back onto his bed, the mountain of pillows spilling out around him.

“I turned 21 in August.”

“Aww. So young.”

“Ew, gross,” Dream said, watching the camboy snicker at him. “Don’t make me log off.”

He shrugged. “Fine by me. You always pay me in advance, so the only one suffering here would

be you.”

Dream bit his lip. Valid point. “Fine. Just stop making fun of me.”

He raised his hands in defeat. “Okay, okay.” His hands dropped to his lap. “I forgot. You can dish it out, but you won’t take it.”

Dream snorted, affronted. “I can take it just fine, thank you.”

He didn’t catch the double entendre until the camboy raised his eyebrows and tipped his head. “Oh? You take it?”

Refusing to let the camboy get the best of him, he said, “Yes. I do. On occasion.”

The camboy hadn’t been expecting his response, clearly. His mouth hung open a little and he got that glazed look in his eyes that meant he was getting a very good mental image. Dream glanced down and saw the tiniest twitch in the camboy’s boxers that meant he was getting hard.

Hmm.

That was something they were definitely revisiting later.

“But not tonight,” Dream said, pulling them both back. The camboy blinked and focused on the camera again. “Tonight, I just want to watch you while we both get off.”

A tiny smile. “I’m fine with that. Where do you want me?”

“Whatever’s most comfortable. What do you do when you’re alone in the middle of the night and visions of sugardaddies dance through your head?”

He snorted. “Fine.” He scrambled up off the bed and walked out of frame. The camera angle didn’t show it, but Dream was familiar enough with the sound of him opening his toy drawers to know that’s what he was doing. He came back a few seconds later with a bottle of lube and a toy Dream

was very familiar with. It was one of the first ones the camboy ever owned, so it featured heavily in those first few videos and streams Dream came across two years ago. It was tame, as far as camboy standards went. It was soft silicone, sturdy but with enough give for it to feel realistic when you clenched down on it. It was generally shaped like a dick, with a 7-inch shaft and rounded head, but it was an unnatural blue-and-green marbled color.

“How much of me do you want to see?” he asked Dream.

“I’m fine with your face and your dick if you just want to lay on your side or something.”

The camboy rolled his eyes and settled on the bed closer to the camera, only visible from the waist up. “Can I lick it first? Let you zone out and pretend I’m on my knees in front of you?”

Dream groaned, really liking that idea. “Sure thing, princess. You wanna make me feel good before you get that toy in your eager little hole?”

He nodded quickly, teeth flashing as he brought the toy up to his lips. He held the shaft firmly while he placed kisses around the head, starting slow. Dream sighed and worked a hand down into his pants, content to go slow for now.

The camboy had a mouth clearly built for this. His lips tinged even pinker with every kiss. His tongue started flicking out every couple of kisses, teasing Dream with those little flashes of wet flesh. Dark brown eyes focused on the camera, practiced enough to do his work without looking down.

Dream straightened himself out in his boxers as he eased into full hardness. He pressed his cock up against his tummy, brushing his fingers up and down in a mimicry of the camboy’s actions on the screen. The touch and speed weren’t enough to get him off anytime soon, but it was nice. If he zoned out enough, he could almost convince himself that it was the camboy’s mouth making him feel like this, not his own hand.

Pink lips parted and the tip of the toy slipped between them. Dream mirrored the movement, wrapping his dry hand around the head of his dick. He would need to take off his sweatpants and get the lube soon, but for now, he let himself enjoy the heat and friction.

Mr. Not Found teased the head of the toy for a bit, leaving his mouth open so Dream could see the way his tongue moved against it. After a couple minutes of playing, he pulled back and swallowed,

Dream watching intently as his throat bobbed. Then he opened his mouth and swallowed the toy down as far as he could with a strangled noise.

Dream rushed to get lube on one hand as his other tugged his sweats down around his knees. He sighed, the end of it edging into a moan as he sunk into the pleasure of having his wet fist around himself. It was easier to pretend the camboy was there with him like this, hearing the faint choking noises across the line as his fist flexed rhythmically around himself, imitating the way the camboy's throat would try to close around the intrusion.

The camboy pulled off with a wet gasp, a thick line of spit connecting his lips to the toy before he wiped it away. Dream mourned its loss. He blinked damp eyes at the camera, giving himself a brief second to breathe before flashing a smirk in Dream's direction and sucking it back down again.

Dream followed his rhythm, getting both hands in the mix to make it even better. He grabbed his balls with his non-dominant hand and fondled them while he dragged the other up and down his slicked shaft. His breathing was deepening, probably noticeable enough for the camboy to hear on the other end.

Mr. Not Found was not delicate with his blowjobs. After getting his throat used to being full, he set a steady pace, slurping and sucking noises slipping past his lips as he went. Spit dripped down to his fingers on the base of the toy, slicking them and making it slip every few bobs of his head. He seemed to enjoy the work though, little moans and grunts passing through his nose and full lips. His face was flushing, the blush spreading down under the collar of the shirt he still wore.

After a few more minutes of this, Dream was thoroughly worked up, panting and moaning as he imagined the camboy's long fingers and soft mouth around him. The camboy finally pulled back, wiping his mouth with his sleeve and sniffing delicately as he thumbed tears from his eyes. The toy was soaked, and he held it between two fingers, wrinkling his nose at it. "Should've had me finger myself while I did that so I could just ram it in without lube."

Dream released his dick with a tired laugh, tipping his head back against his pillows. "Maybe some other time."

"Alright to keep going? You sound exhausted." Dream picked up his head to look at him again as he raised to dildo to wobble it gently in the air. "Could keep doing this for a bit until you get off. I don't mind."

Dream snorted. "No it's fine. I wanna see you fuck yourself. It'll be a cold day in hell when I don't wanna see you get off."

The camboy rolled his eyes, moving back on the bed and leaving the toy beside him. “Such a gentleman.”

“I try. Now take off your underwear.”

Snickering, the camboy did as he was asked, also pulling off his shirt so he lay bare in front of the camera. He didn’t get fully naked very often, certainly never on his public streams. He’d only done so a few times in private calls with Dream. He explained to Dream once that it made him feel too vulnerable, especially with no one else there with him, so he usually kept on some stockings or a shirt just to have something against his body, grounding him.

God, Dream wanted to get his mouth all over him.

He really had enjoyed blowing the toy, apparently, because his dick was hanging hard between his thighs as he absently folded his shirt up and set it aside. Dream admired him silently for a few moments, taking in the flush that had spread all the way to his chest, the line of hair beneath his belly button. He righted the cat ears on his head, fixing them from where he’d knocked them crooked taking off his shirt.

Dream could look at him for days and never get bored.

He had, a couple times, scrolling through his archived videos until his eyes crossed.

Sue him.

The camboy flopped on his side, fluffing up his pillows around him so he wasn’t straining to reach his ass. He stretched to grab the toy again and shuffled around to locate the lube he’d brought with him.

“Anything specific you want from me?” he asked quietly, the tone of the call once again softened.

“No,” Dream said, just as quiet as the camboy. It was like they were in a bubble, liable to burst at any moment if they spoke too loudly. “Whatever you want, darling.”

The camboy flashed a shy smile at the camera, shifting one knee over the other to give himself more access to his ass.

Dream watched him quietly spread lube on his fingers and reach around himself. He couldn't see what his hand did after that but he watched him bite his lip and furrow his brows. The muscles in his forearm flexed as he moved his fingers, slicking and loosening up his hole for the toy.

He shifted, and Dream watched his face twitch as he hissed in discomfort.

That was new.

“What’s wrong?” he asked, not used to seeing the camboy actually in pain.

He looked up at the camera, looking caught. He blinked a few times then shook his head. “Nothing. I’m fine. Just getting used to the stretch is all.”

In all the months they’d been doing this, this was the first time he knew the camboy was lying to him.

It stung. More than it should have.

Struggling to control his tone, Dream said, “Tell me.”

The camboy swallowed, his hand stilling. Dream watched him grit his teeth. “Fine. If you must know, I’m a bit sore.”

“What happened?” Dream was still concerned, but he had a sinking feeling. He had no right to be jealous, but there’s only one reason the camboy would lie to him about being hurt.

“A friend of mine came to town.” Brown eyes were looking anywhere besides the camera. “We used to—hook up. He came in for the weekend and asked me out for drinks the other night and we—well.”

“Did he hurt you?”

He looked back at the camera, looking as shocked at Dream’s question as Dream felt. Why did he ask that? Shouldn’t he be more pissed? Did he have the *right* to be pissed? “What? No. No, he didn’t hurt me. He wouldn’t. We just—I didn’t think to bring anything with me when we went out, and neither did he so he ended up just...”

He didn’t finish his sentence, but he didn’t have to. Dream knew where he was going. “He went in dry?”

The camboy nodded.

A low growl came from Dream's chest. He hoped it didn’t pick up on his microphone. “Well?”

Mr. Not Found frowned, beginning to sit up. “Well what?”

“Was he any good?”

His mouth hung open, expression torn between offended and shocked. “Dream! You can’t ask that!”

Dream knew he was pouting, but his chest was aching too much to care. “I just wanna know if he took care of you. He went in dry, so the least he could do is make sure you get off.”

Face flushed but looking a little less upset, the camboy said, “I did get off. Not that it’s any of your business.”

“I think it is,” Dream said. “You said I’m different than all the others, right? That you let me get away with more than everyone. What was it you said last time?” Dream asked rhetorically, knowing the answer. He was being a bitch and he knew it, but he couldn’t help it. “Oh yeah, you said your prospects were ‘a bit dry’ right now. So was it worth it? Your first real fuck in forever?”

He looked like Dream felt: equal parts angry and turned on. He sat up on the bed, bristling like a cat, the fluffy ears on his head only rounding out the image. He still looked so fucking pretty; it was frankly upsetting. “It was worth it. I couldn’t wait a few more weeks to get to the States where I know you’re waiting.” He leaned forward so Dream could see the fire in his eyes. He looked scary like that, like he was moments away from climbing through the screen and ripping Dream’s dick off. It shouldn’t have been so hot. “I got a little tipsy and let him push me up against the alley wall outside the pub. He barely got our pants down before he rammed into me. He gave me this,” he said, turning his shoulder to the camera to show off a dark purple mark above his spine. Two rows of teeth marks against his pale skin, clear as day. “Put a hand over my mouth so no one would hear me moaning for him. He didn’t even kiss me the whole time. Just fucked me until we both finished, helped me pull up my pants, and sent me limping on my way.”

“Bastard,” Dream hissed.

“Thought you’d think that. You always treat me right, make sure I’m looked after and taken care of,” the camboy said. He chuckled, little humor in it. “You know what’s dumb? I was with this guy, a friend I fancied myself in love with at one point, and the whole time he’s ramming my face into the bricks, I heard your voice in my ear telling me how much of a pretty slut I am.”

Dream—

Dream just stopped.

For the first time in his life, there were absolutely no thoughts in his head.

The camboy’s words just knocked around in his skull for a few tense moments before rattling down to land deep in his gut. His dick, which had flagged, roared back to life. His heart stuttered, surely stopping for a few moments.

“Fuck,” Dream finally grit out. “The minute your plane lands, I’m getting you horizontal and naked as fast as possible, what the hell.”

Mr. Not Found sat back with a chuckle, looking too pleased with himself. He didn’t look upset anymore.

“You did this on purpose,” Dream said incredulously. “You knew how jealous I’d get.”

“And how happy you’d get when I told you I nearly bit my tongue off trying not to moan your name.”

Dream swallowed harshly, reaching back down to grab his dick. “Get that toy in you. Right now. Jesus Christ. You’re a menace. Just wait until I get my hands on you. You’ll never go looking for anyone else’s dick again. Ever.”

He knew he would grow to regret those words later, a little too possessive to be professional anymore, but in that moment, his filter was gone. All he could think about was getting his hands on the man on his screen, marking him as his own.

It didn’t seem to bother Mr. Not Found too much as he scrambled to obey, cocking one knee up to spread himself more and hastily wetting the dildo with lube. Moments later, he was easing it into his barely stretched hole. His hiss was more emphatic now, not trying to hide the discomfort as his rubbed-raw hole was breached.

“Dream,” he whined.

“Oh, don’t complain to me,” Dream said, keeping an eye out for any real pain, but there was no need for it. The camboy clearly loved this, his cock leaking steadily onto his thigh where it hung untouched. “You brought this on yourself, princess. You want to go out and get fucked, convince every guy coming and going to have a go at your pretty hole? Then I’ll just have to teach you better, baby. Teach you that I’m the only one who has this kind of control over you.”

The camboy was shivering, beginning to thrust the toy at his own pace. Dream decided to keep up the original plan and let him do what he wanted. He found that he wasn’t actually all that angry anymore. Hearing the camboy moaning for him again soothed the ache in his ego.

He stroked himself to the same tempo and depth the camboy was fucking himself with. He watched him press his face against the pillows beneath him, moaning openly into them as he picked up the pace. His arm was working jerkily, beginning to shake every time he shoved the toy down to the base—he wouldn’t be able to keep this up for very long.

“D-Dream. Can I touch? Please can I—can I touch?”

“Of course you can, baby,” Dream said, tone mockingly sweet. “After all, the only way to make sure you don’t go running to find someone to dick you down is to make sure you cum yourself

silly for me, hmm? Don't you think so?"

A pathetic noise ripped from the camboy's throat as he wrapped his free hand around his cock. Without that arm to brace himself, his face fell fully into the pillow, now more on his stomach than his side. There was barely enough room between his stomach and the bed for him to jack off, but he was managing just fine. More than fine, in fact. Every time the toy hit new depths, or he stroked his fist over the sensitive underside of the head of his dick, he would twitch and gasp out a yelp of Dream's name.

He was close already, but that was fine. Dream wasn't too far off himself. Just a bit more teasing and they'd both be there.

"Bet you're moving all the way across the world just to get my hands around your pretty throat, huh baby?" he mumbled, barely paying attention to his words. "Pack up and move to another country just to get some good dick?"

"Dream, Dream, please," he begged absently. Dream doubted he even knew what he was begging for.

"It's okay, baby," he soothed. "The moment you feel me inside you, you won't ever want anything else."

The camboy let out a sob and came over his fist, spilling in the same rhythm of the thrusts of the dildo. He kept going without being prompted, choking on a moan as the pleasure faded into overwhelming sensation. A single tear tracked down his face as his soaked fist kept bouncing on his dick.

Dream tipped off, clenching his fist tighter as he came over his knuckles. God, it had been such a long week, and this orgasm was long overdue. A shudder worked its way through his body as the camboy's whimpers followed him into the afterglow.

"You can stop now if you want, baby," he said, his voice rough from moaning but tone softer than before. Any lingering anger faded, and he mainly felt embarrassed by everything he said, and a little heartsick.

Mr. Not Found let out a strangled sound, picking his head up to look at his hand as he pulled it away from his dick. He stared at the ropes of cum staining his skin for a few seconds, like he

didn't remember how it got there. Then to Dream's utter shock and delight, he lifted his hand to his mouth and sucked his own cum from his fingers.

The toy stayed in place, Dream watching him absently grind against it. He figured it must feel nice to have something stretching him open, keeping him grounded as he tried to float out of his body from such an intense orgasm. Dream cursed himself for pushing them both so far. They hadn't delved that far into degradation yet, and it clearly messed with the camboy's head. He was blinking slowly as he finished cleaning off his hand, looking out of it still.

"Are you with me, darling?"

He blinked again, looking lost before his gaze fell on his computer, seeming to remember where he was. "Dream," he said, voice wrecked.

"I'm here, baby."

He nodded slowly before scrubbing his dirty hand across his face and into his hair, knocking the cat ears off in the process. "Fuck."

Dream chuckled, grabbing his handy dishtowel to clean up his own cum. "You can say that again."

"I'm sorry Dream."

Dream stopped, smiled dropping from his face immediately. "You don't have anything to be sorry for, darling. What are you apologizing for?"

"I shouldn't have slept with him." He let go of the toy and pushed himself up to sitting, hissing as the toy moved. "I couldn't stop thinking of you the whole time. I can't stop thinking about you most of the time anyway. But the whole time he was in me, I was just thinking it was you."

"Baby," Dream said warily. "I think this is a conversation we need to be having some other—"

"George."

Dream blinked at the screen, uncomprehending. “What?”

“George,” he said softly, almost a whisper. “My name is George.”

Dream’s heart stuttered in his chest. God, this man was giving him palpitations. He was going to die of a heart attack at the ripe old age of 21 because a man on the internet got a little too honest with him during sub drop.

Sub drop. Mr. Not Found—George—the camboy was in sub drop.

Right. Priorities.

“Oh,” Dream said. “Thank you for telling me, baby. My real name is Clay. But I really do prefer Dream. It’s what my friends call me.”

George nodded absently, blinking more than he normally did. “Dream is nice. I like Dream.”

Dream smiled softly. “Thank you. I like George too.”

George grinned, tired and a little tear-stained, but it made Dream feel like he’d just run a marathon regardless.

“Would you mind staying on with me for a little longer, sweetheart?” Dream asked, reluctant to escape the moment. “I’m worried I pushed too hard and you went a bit deeper than we intended.”

He nodded, a rueful smile gracing his lips. “I think you’re right. I feel dizzy. A little shivery.”

“It might help if you get off the toy, then.”

He looked behind him, as if just remembering he hadn’t taken the dildo out yet. “Oh,” he breathed, and Dream wanted to laugh but *couldn’t* as the noise George made as he lifted off stuck itself in his

brain for all eternity. The toy came out and ended up tangled in the sheets as George pulled himself onto his stomach on top of a pile of pillows, scooting closer to his computer.

“Do you have water?”

George nodded and reached out of frame. He held up his water bottle to the computer before popping it open and taking several big gulps.

“Slow, baby. Don’t make yourself sick.”

The camboy swallowed and rested his head on his pillow tower. “You’re too good to me.”

“I’m not good enough for you,” Dream said, more serious than he intended.

“You can’t think that.”

Dream shook his head, but the camboy couldn’t see him, so he said, “We’ll talk about it another time. I think we’re both too tired right now.”

George looked like he wanted to argue but agreed anyway, his eyes slipping shut as he took another sip of water and closed the lid.

“When do you move?”

“Not sure the date yet,” he said, looking half-awake. “Mid-December probably. I want to be settled in before the holidays so my mum can come for Christmas.”

Dream smiled, echoing, “*My mum.*”

George snorted. “Shut up. She wants to come make sure I’m not living in a pit, or a cardboard box or something.”

Dream hummed. “There’s a cozy-looking bus stop outside my apartment if you need it. It’s got a roof and everything.”

“I’ll keep that in mind.” He laughed, opening his eyes to meet the camera. “I’m sorry for bringing up my friend.”

“As long as he stays in England, I don’t really care.”

George snickered, tucking his face into his arm. “He’s staying here. Just me and my sex toys are coming across the pond.”

“You never told me why you’re moving,” Dream said.

“I didn’t?”

“Nope.”

“Oh.” George sat back up and stretched his back out. “It’s nothing dramatic. I just have friends over there I want to be closer to. We’ve been playing video games together for years. It’ll be easier once we’re all in the same timezone. There’s a lot of things I want to do, expand my content. I actually have a pretty decent following on Twitch.”

“For real? So do I!”

“Really?” George perked up. “That’s really cool. We could play together sometime!”

Dream snorted. “We play together all the time, George.”

The camboy flushed at the use of his real name. “Oh, shut up. You know what I meant.”

“I do,” Dream said. “It’s just nice to watch you smile.”

He stuck out his tongue at Dream and they both laughed until they lost their breath.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter 4 in a couple weeks probably!

(Also might post a DreamNotNap one-shot in the meantime. Is that the ship name? Eh.)

Random things about this fic-verse:

-Dream, Sapnap, and Karl live in the same city, but they do not live in Florida. They live somewhere with seasonal weather (i.e. snow). Don't ask why. It just happened in my head.

-George still lives in London (for now).

-I fully intended this to be a short, porny fic, but I am who I am, so this will be at least eight chapters posted irregularly. I'm sorry I can't be more regular; I am a piece of trash :)

More information and chapters forthcoming.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

A soft laugh drifted over the line. “Are you still drunk, Dream?”

He hummed. “Maybe a little.”

“You’re a mess, Dream.”

“Yeah, I know. Thanks for putting up with me.”

“Anytime, love.”

Chapter Notes

CW: mild, brief depressive episode; drinking (everyone mentioned is of age)

Also mentioned BadBoyHalo/Captian Puffy/Skeppy because I <3 them :)

No smut for this one! This is a short, filler-y chapter, but I wanted to give y'all something. This is still looking to be 8-10 chapters, probably. Stay tuned and thank you for all the love!

Dream spent the next few weeks losing himself in his schoolwork.

Every time he closed his eyes, he thought of George, heard his voice, saw his smile. It was wreaking havoc on his attention span. His feelings toward the older man were confusing to say the least. It was easier to hyperfixate on school than to try and sort out why he felt this way about a man he’d never even met face-to-face.

Knowing they were only a few short weeks away from living not only in the same country, but the *same city* made it very, very hard to think about anything else.

Luckily, he had a hardcore coding assignment coming up, so he locked himself in his bedroom with the lights off and drowned himself in Python.

Sapnap noticed something was off and made sure to text Dream whenever he got food (conveniently always with a little more than one person could eat alone). On the rare occasions Dream emerged from his cave, Sapnap looked at him with concern written in every corner of his face, but he didn't ask what was wrong. He just pushed a bottle of water or a granola bar across the counter to him and told him he looked like shit.

Dream was sure he was right. It was winter, so he hadn't properly been in the sun in months—for a Florida boy, that was too long. He'd skipped a few showers, and the only time he'd eaten was when Sapnap made sure he did. He shuffled into the bathroom to scrutinize himself under the fluorescents. He squinted in the bright light, so used to the darkness of his room. His hair was a mess, several days overdue for a wash and unbrushed for longer than Dream could remember. He also needed to shave, not liking the scratchy growth around his jaw. There were dark circles around his blood-shot eyes and his skin was paler than it had been in years. He scoffed at himself before stripping and jumping in the shower.

The hot water burned his skin, but it was a religious experience. He hadn't realized how far he'd pushed himself and how deep he'd let himself fall until it was over. His last final was the next morning, so he was almost done. Thank God.

As it usually did when he had a free moment, his mind strayed to George.

They had still been snapping back and forth, which soothed some of the ache. But it felt like he was looking down the barrel of addiction: he knew that taking one more hit, one more drink, would land him far beyond his limit, pushing him past the fabled Point of No Return. He considered ghosting George, but just thinking about that made his stomach turn. Sex workers got enough shit as it was without their clients pushing boundaries, trying to make something real out of their arrangements, or dropping them outright without warning.

Dream was so fucking pathetic.

He emerged from his shower scrubbed raw, physically and emotionally. He didn't feel great in his head still, but at least he didn't stink. He brushed his teeth to cover all his hygienic basics, put on a clean pair of pajamas, and went to bed.

And just like that his semester was over. He did well on his final—not as well as he'd hoped, considering how much time he'd spent studying, but well enough to stay on track to graduation.

He emerged from his final to find a snap from George waiting for him on his phone.

The older man was sitting on his bed, throwing a peace sign to the camera with a huge, cheesy grin. There were boxes stacked around the bed, the only thing left in the room being his bed.

Good luck on your final! Getting ready to put my stuff in the shipping container. Only a few more days.

Despite himself, Dream smiled at the message.

Dream and Sapnap celebrated the end of the semester that night in the only way college kids knew how: by buying as much beer as they could afford and inviting over as many people as they could fit into their apartment. Someone connected their phone to the sound system in the living room, blasting hip hop music over the subwoofer. Dream knew they were going to get a noise complaint from their neighbors, but he was too excited—and drunk—to care.

He got a few drinks in him and danced when he was pulled from the couch. Faces blurred before him, but he knew almost everybody there, so he didn't mind whenever someone pressed up against him. Someone else pressed another beer into his hands. He was sweating, the heat in the apartment still fighting the December cold even with a few dozen people packed into the cramped space. His jacket came off at some point, so he was only in his beer-stained t-shirt and jeans.

He could happily say he had nothing on his mind. He was just happy, done with school for the next month and surrounded by his favorite people in the world.

But not his favorite person in the world.

No, that person wasn't here.

He stumbled to the bathroom at one point to piss, wobbling a little and struggling to aim. He washed his hands and stared at himself in the mirror. He looked much different than he had the previous night: he was flushed from the alcohol and dancing, for one, but he also *felt* lighter.

Maybe it was the beer talking, but he felt good. He always liked life better when he wasn't in school. And that message from George made him so, so happy.

Only a few more days.

George.

Just thinking about him made Dream smile.

He pulled out his phone just to look at the photo, which he'd screenshotted. They'd agreed they could save anything they sent each other except for nudes, which they had to get permission to keep. But innocent little messages like that one were free game. Dream was thankful for that, since it let him get a fix whenever he needed it. He found himself pulling out his phone to look at pictures of his camboy whenever he had a free moment to twiddle his thumbs.

He wrote a message to George, not really paying attention to what he said. Mainly he just wanted George to think of him while Dream was thinking of George. He sent the message and pocketed his phone. The music became unmuffled as he opened the bathroom door and someone immediately grabbed him and pulled him back into the fray.

Dream had... many regrets come morning.

Before he even opened his eyes, he knew how much of a doozy this hangover was. His head was pounding with the beat of his heart, his mouth felt packed with sand, and his stomach was turning. He felt like he needed to puke, but he was too numb to get up. Besides, he had a feeling he'd only end up dry heaving.

He scrubbed a hand over his eyes, debating going back to sleep. Something on the bed shifted next to him (much bigger than Patches), alerting him to the fact that he wasn't alone.

After some coaxing, he squinted his eyes open and blinked against the scarce light peeking around the curtains—it wasn't much light, but it was enough to make him want to die. He turned to see someone's back facing him in the bed, a dude. Dream sent up a silent prayer of thanks that both the dude and Dream himself were fully clothed. He levered himself onto an elbow to see who was next

to him. It was Skeppy, of all people, and he wasn't alone. Puffy was there too, curled up against Skeppy's chest at the edge of the bed. Dream had no clue how neither of them had fallen off yet, so tightly wound together on the ledge. But they were there, snoozing happily.

Someone was snoring, but it wasn't either of them. Dream sat up further and poked his head around to find Bad sprawled on the floor beside the bed. It seemed he'd wanted to get in with Skeppy and Puffy, but there hadn't been enough room with Dream there as well. Skeppy's hand was dangling off the side of the bed where Bad was; they must have fallen asleep holding hands. Despite his head and his stomach trying to remove themselves from his body, Dream smiled. They were all so sweet together.

He extracted himself from the bed slowly, not wanting to disturb them, and grabbed his phone charger from the power strip at his desk. He slipped into the bathroom and closed the door behind himself carefully. His phone was dead in his pocket, so he plugged it in at the bathroom counter as he set about cleaning himself up. He contemplated trying to throw up but decided against it. It might only make him even more sick. He washed his face and brushed his teeth. He definitely needed a shower and a change of clothes, but he didn't have the energy for it yet.

A soft *ding* told him his phone was back on. He dried off his hands and picked it up. He had a couple of missed notifications. Karl left one saying he was taking Sapnap back to his place because someone had already taken Sapnap's room. There was one from his next-door neighbor asking him to turn the music down or they would call the cops. Dream assumed that was a bluff, considering he didn't remember the cops showing up at any point.

The last notification caught his eye.

It was a Snapchat message from George, received around 3 a.m.

Dream, call me when you get this. I don't think you meant to send that. I need to talk to you.

Dream's heart sunk.

What had he sent George? Had he drunk texted him? What had he said?

Oh God, he hadn't told him anything... incriminating, right? Had he said anything about wanting to be more than a sugar daddy, a friend with benefits, a casual observer?

There wasn't anything saved in their chats above George's most recent messages. The last message before that was Dream's response to George's "good luck with finals" message.

Wait. No it wasn't.

The time stamp was wrong.

Dream had sent George a picture around 2:30 last night, when he was several drinks deep. He remembered going to the bathroom and texting George, but he couldn't remember what he'd said no matter how hard he'd tried. He thought it had been a typed message in chat, not a picture.

Maybe he'd sent a dick pic? He hoped not. He had been too drunk to get it up at that point. If that's what it was, it had to be horribly unflattering. And if not a dick pic, what had he taken a picture of?

His blood ran cold.

He was hitting the "call" button before he could overthink it.

George answered a few rings later. "Dream?"

"What did I send?" His voice was rough. He was trying to keep quiet so he didn't bother his guests, and his mouth was dry even after brushing his teeth. He sounded like shit.

George sounded uncomfortable when he spoke. "Dream, I'm sorry. I don't think you meant to—"

"What did I *send*, George?"

He knew the answer in the silence before George spoke. His stomach dropped when he said it anyway. "You—you sent me a picture of your face."

Dream hung his head. Perfect. Of course. He'd had grand plans to pick George up from the airport and reveal his face then, or he'd at least make it sexy over their video calls or something. He wanted to make it a spectacle. Instead he'd drunk texted him a selfie.

“It wasn’t bad,” George tried to reassure him. “I couldn’t see it too clearly anyway. It was in the mirror, and you were very drunk. You were a little blurry.”

“What was I doing?”

“You were, like, leaning on the counter. You were smiling. You had a, uh...”

Dream frowned harder. “I had a what?”

“You had—have—a hickey on your neck.”

“What?” Dream stood up straight and pulled the collar of his shirt. Sure enough, there was a dark red mark on his neck, barely hidden by his shirt. “Huh. How the hell did that get there?”

George snorted. “Sounds like you had a fun night.” There was something bitter in his tone.

Dream scrambled for a response that wouldn't put him in the metaphorical dog house. “I don’t—I didn’t sleep with anyone. I would know. It just—my friends are super touchy. One of them probably did it while we were dancing.”

“You don’t have to explain yourself to me, Dream,” George said softly. “I’m a big boy. I know I’m not the only person in your life.”

“I do have to explain myself, though.” Dream ran his hand through his hair. “I care what you think about me. I don’t want you to think I sleep around. I don’t. Not really. Not anymore, at least. And I wanted to surprise you when you saw my face. I wanted it to be a thing.”

“Dream, calm down.” There *was* something calming about the British man’s voice, especially when he used that tone, like he was soothing a spooked animal. Which, for all intents and purposes, Dream was. “It’s okay. I’m not upset. I was just worried about you. I know it’s a thing for you, people seeing your face.”

“Oh.” Dream’s heart was thundering in his chest. It was making his head throb harder, but he didn’t particularly care at that moment. “Thank you. That’s—you’re really considerate. And did you—I mean, did...”

“You’re very handsome, Dream.”

Dream was dumbfounded. That wasn’t what he was going to ask, but he’s glad George said it. He wasn’t really concerned about that particular aspect of this whole ordeal, but it was nice to know. “Oh. Thanks. That’s... you too. I mean, I think you’re—fuck.”

George’s laugh echoed across the line, settling Dream’s frazzled nerves. “I know, honey. You’ve told me before. But let's continue this conversation when you’re not so hungover, yeah?”

Dream hummed in agreement. “You can tell?”

“You were sloshed last night. I could tell just by looking at you. Partied hard, hmm?”

Dream snorted. “Just a little. I don't even want to see the state of my living room right now. And there’s, like, two-thirds of a thruple in my bed right now.”

“Oh?” Amusement and interest tinged the older man’s voice.

“No, not like that,” Dream laughed. “They passed out in there. Their third is on the floor. They’re good friends of mine. No clue when we all fell asleep though.”

“Sounds like you need to get started making coffee for everyone, then. Be a good host.”

“Probably. I thought about ordering pizza. I have no clue how many people stayed over though.”

“Celebrating the end of term, then?”

A yawn worked its way out of Dream. “Yeah,” he said. “We all finished up yesterday so we just bought a bunch of beer and invited folks over.”

“Sounds fun.”

“We’ll invite you next time,” Dream said, his tongue loose from his hangover. Oh well. “I think you’d like my friends. They’re all... absolutely insane. But they’re the coolest, nicest people you’ll ever meet.”

A soft laugh drifted over the line. “Are you still drunk, Dream?”

He hummed. “Maybe a little.”

“You’re a mess, Dream.”

“Yeah, I know. Thanks for putting up with me.”

“Anytime, love.”

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

He didn't share the details of his plans with George beyond letting him know that every free moment he had would be spent naked in one of their beds.

Based on the smile he flashed at the camera when Dream told him that, he was okay with that plan.

Chapter Notes

Sorry for slow updates! My new job is taking up a lot of my time, but I'm determined to finish this story!

I've started a tumblr! Hit me up here: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's mom wasn't speaking to him.

If there was any question where he got his dramatic streak, it was answered when she ghosted him after he told her he wasn't coming home for the holidays. He only had a month off school, and he fully intended on spending as much of it with George as the older man would let him. He tactfully didn't tell her that. The story she heard was that Sapnap wasn't going home—which wasn't a lie—and he would be alone for Christmas if Dream didn't stay—which *was* a lie. Sapnap and Karl had booked a cabin in the mountains for the week, so he wouldn't be alone even if Dream stayed.

She would come around. His sister had already texted him to say Mom had vented to her, so she was halfway back to forgiving him.

Now that his schedule was officially clear, he started making plans.

George had said his mom was coming to visit for Christmas, so he probably wouldn't be spending the holiday itself with him. Puffy was an RA at one of the dorms on campus and would be hosting an "Orphan's Christmas," which basically just meant all the international students and people who didn't want to go home gathered at the dining hall for dinner and gift exchange. It was a little extra—most things the university hosted were—but at least there would be people he knew there. Bad and Puffy would be there, along with some of their other friends. Dream would be fine.

He didn't share the details of his plans with George beyond letting him know that every free moment he had would be spent naked in one of their beds.

Based on the smile he flashed at the camera when Dream told him that, he was okay with that plan.

On top of his regular weekly gift, Dream also popped out to the mall to grab some extra gifts. He hadn't *intended* on dropping a few hundred dollars on clothes and jewelry, but it happened anyway. George was only bringing as many clothes as he could fit in his suitcase; the rest would be in the shipping container that wouldn't arrive until the first of the year. So he needed more clothes. Dream also bought a set of pots and pans, just in case he needed something to cook with when he got there.

George cancelled his Saturday stream, since he would be leaving first thing that morning to get to the airport, but he kept Dream's weekly appointment on Friday as planned. Dream protested despite wanting to see him. He needed to rest up before the move and get his camera equipment packed away. But George wasn't hearing it.

If you don't show up to our meeting, I'm not telling you where I live, he'd threatened over Snapchat.

Dream didn't think he was bluffing. He logged on at their usual time on Friday.

The camboy didn't have his lights or wall decorations set up anymore, but Dream didn't care. Neither did George. The quality of his stream wasn't as clear as it usually was, so Dream knew he was streaming from his laptop instead of his computer. He still used his fancy webcam, unwilling to give up that one luxury.

He was wearing Dream's newest gift, a set of lingerie more expensive than half the other gifts he'd sent George. It was worth it, though. It was from a boutique that made lingerie with men's bodies in mind, so the dark blue lace didn't hang oddly or dig in anywhere it wasn't supposed to. The bottoms were essentially a g-string, the main part only big enough to cover the important bits, the sides trailing down to connect to halters around his thighs. The top was full lace with a deep v-neck, trailing over his flat chest and accentuating his collar bones. He was reclining on the bed, one leg pulled up as he scrolled on his phone.

"That looks really good on you," Dream said, resting his head on his fist as he admired the older man.

“It does,” George agreed, not even looking up from his phone.

Dream snorted. “So humble. I don’t even get a thank you?”

George tried not to smile, the thinning of his lips giving him away. “Well, I know it looks good on me, so why tip-toe around it?”

Dream’s head fell back in another laugh. He couldn’t wait to kiss that smirk right off his lips.

“This is nice, though.” George was trailing his fingers across the lace now, phone forgotten as he admired Dream’s most recent gift. “You’re lucky it’s so thin though, otherwise I wouldn’t have room in my suitcase for it. I would’ve had to leave it behind. Give my landlord a parting gift for when he comes to check the unit when I’m gone.”

“Something tells me it wouldn’t look nearly as good on him.”

George shrugged, lips quirking up at Dream’s easy joke. “I dunno. Some people are into the big, hairy types. Though it might be a bit small on him.”

Dream chuckled, then remembered what he’d been planning for weeks. He swallowed nervously. “Hey, uh. I have another surprise for you.”

“Dream, I just said I don’t have room for anything else—“

“No, it’s not a gift. Well, maybe, but feels weird to call it that.”

George tipped his head curiously. Dream couldn’t help but notice his hair looked really nice today. An odd thing to notice, considering he was wearing \$300 lingerie. “What is it?”

Dream took a steadying breath and brushed his hair back. He sat straighter in his desk chair, then clicked the “Video On” button.

He watched George's face go blank as Dream's picture came up on his screen, looking at him anxiously through the screen. Then as he processed what he was seeing, he burst into a grin. "Dream!" he cried.

Dream smiled back, nerves easing a bit at the camboy's reaction: he wasn't horrified or creeped out, so that was a good sign. "Hi."

"Hi!" George leaned closer to his computer to get a better look, and Dream jokingly turned his face every way to let the older man get every angle. "Oh my god, Dream. You're so hot."

Heat rushed to Dream's face, unbidden, at the too-honest compliment.

"Oh, you're blushing!" George cooed. He looked so damn happy that Dream's heart was doing somersaults.

"Shut up," Dream grouched, but he was smiling still. He couldn't help it. "I'll turn it back off."

"No, don't," George said. Dream wasn't going to, anyway. "Please leave it on. I've been dying to see you. That one blurry snap last week was hardly enough." He settled on his stomach in front of his computer, chin propped up on his hands as he gazed at Dream's face. Dream was glad he couldn't feel the scrutiny face-to-face yet. He was worried it would make him too nervous for words when that happened. "What brought this on? Not that I'm complaining."

Dream looked away from the computer, fiddling with the strings on his hoodie. "Well," he began slowly. "I have a proposition for you, and I think it would be better to talk out if you know that I'm not a... creep, or an old fuck or something."

George snorted. "I appreciate it. What's your proposition? I'm already going to be sleeping with you when I get there."

"I wanted to discuss maybe forming... an official arrangement. If you're into it."

He shifted to sit up a bit more, interest piqued. "What kind of arrangement?"

“So, you’re fine with, uh... sleeping with me.” He winced at the word choice. Somehow it was harder to talk about this than he originally thought. “I don’t expect you to stop streaming, or even *want* you to stop. I’d be disappointed if you stopped, actually. But it feels weird to keep sending you gifts and doing video chats if you’re right down the street from me.”

“Right. So, what are you proposing?”

“Ah, fuck it,” Dream said. “Do you want to be my sugar baby?”

The camboy’s face went blank again, processing the information. Then he groaned and dropped his head onto his arms.

Dream’s heart lurched. “George?” he asked, worried he’d overstepped.

“Thank *fuck*.”

Dream blinked at the screen for a moment. “What?”

George lifted his head, and relief flooded through Dream as he saw that he was *smiling*, not crying. “I would love to be your sugar baby, Dream. Or would you prefer I call you Daddy?”

Dream’s breath caught. “Umm. Not—not all the time.”

“We’ll talk about that later, then.” George looked far too pleased with himself. “But seriously, yes. I would love that. I was wondering about how things would work between us when I moved. This is perfect.”

“I agree,” Dream said, sinking lower in his seat in relief. “That way I still get to spoil you, but now I also get my hands on you whenever I want.” *And*, he added in his mind, *I can have an outlet for the things I’m starting to feel for you.*

“And I’m glad you’re alright with me continuing to cam. I was going to anyway, but it’s nice to have permission.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “Little brat.”

The camboy just laughed, holding his hands up in surrender. “Hey, I’ve gotta make a living somehow. And I really enjoy it. For now, at least. Maybe once I get over there and start gaming with my friends more, my Twitch following will get more sustainable. For now, it’s just a side-gig.”

“If money is the issue, I’d offer to help out. I don’t have an endless cash flow, but I still get payouts for people who use my code.”

He shook his head. “No, thank you. I’ll take some pampering and gifts, but once we meet in person, I don’t feel good about taking your money.”

Something in his tone kept Dream from prodding more. “Alright,” he said. “I can do gifts. I already bought you some stuff, so I’m thrilled you said yes.”

George rolled his eyes fondly but perked up a little. “You didn’t have to get me anything.”

Dream waved him off. “It’s just a few odds and ends. You won’t have all your stuff for a couple weeks, so I wanted to make sure you were covered. It’s not a whole lot. I just wanted you to have a couple nice things.”

“Well, thank you in advance.” A flirty smile settled on his features, easing Dream even more with its familiarity. “I’ll be sure to thank you properly when you pick me up from the airport.”

“Oh, I’m picking you up, am I?”

“My friends will be out of town,” he said. “And I don’t really want to figure out buses or cabs or anything with my luggage with me. Besides, I’ll be tired from traveling, and I’d hate to have to go all that way—“

Dream cut him off with a laugh. “Fine! I’ll pick you up. No need to guilt-trip me into it. Send me your itinerary and I’ll be there to pick you up.”

George sat up, pleased with himself. “Thank you. But.” His smile dropped a little. “I don’t know if I’ll be up for anything right off the bat. I’ll be in the air for almost 20 hours, and I have a layover in Atlanta. I might not be too much fun.”

“It’s okay,” Dream said. “I don’t expect anything from you. Mainly I just want to see your pretty face in person.”

His cheeks tinged pink at Dream’s words, but he relaxed, no longer worried that Dream wouldn’t be interested if he wasn’t offering sex. Honestly, Dream would probably be interested if he never offered sex. It probably wasn’t healthy for him to think like that, but it was the truth. He’d be pleased just to see him and make sure he settled into his apartment.

“Well,” George said after a moment. “Now that the business portion of the evening is taken care of.” Dream snorted at that, making the camboy smile at him. “What would you like tonight, hmm?”

Dream dropped his head on his fist, propping his head up on his arm. “How much is packed? Do you have any toys with you?”

“I’ve got maybe two ounces of lube, my blue dildo, and the prostate massager from my birthday.”

“So just the basics, right?”

He rolled his eyes at Dream’s teasing. “Basically.”

“Go get the dildo and lube,” Dream decided. “I have an idea.”

George ended up on his knees on the bed, reaching back to finger himself open. He hadn’t quite caught onto what Dream was planning, but he would in a moment.

Dream told him to keep the lingerie on, mostly because of how pretty it looked against his pale skin, but also from the power trip he got from George struggling to keep the string of the thong out of the way. His dick was straining in the front of the underwear, no doubt uncomfortable in the constricting fabric. But he didn’t complain—not yet, at least—just bit his lip as his hand worked

behind him out of Dream's view.

"Almost ready?" Dream asked after a couple minutes.

George nodded, his eyes dark with want from the teasing. "I'm always ready."

"I'll keep that in mind." Dream pushed back his chair, glad for his wireless headphones as he stood.

"Wh-where are you going?" George's hand stopped moving behind him, eyes going wide as he watched Dream move around.

"Keep going," Dream prompted. "You've been so good for me, so patient. Just watch."

Careful of his headphones, Dream stripped off his hoodie. His heart was pounding in his chest, and he hoped that George couldn't tell how nervous he was. His hands were sweating a little, shaking as he tugged the hoodie free from his head. The camboy's eyes were locked on him when he was finally free of the hoodie, but his awed expression eased the nerves thrumming beneath Dream's skin.

He tugged his t-shirt off as well, feeling his nipples pebbling in the cool air of his bedroom. He was suddenly very thankful for the diet and workout routine he and Sapnap followed because George's jaw dropped as he took in Dream's naked chest, admiring the way his arms shifted as he threw the shirt onto the bed behind him.

"Holy fuck, Dream." He blinked, catching Dream's disapproving glance. "Right. Language. Sorry. But seriously. You didn't tell me you were so—so—"

Dream chuckled lowly, hands dropping to his sweatpants. "I'll take that as a compliment, then. It's not often you're at a loss for words."

George rolled his eyes, the motion quick as he didn't want to look away from the screen for too long. He followed the movement of Dream's hands as he rid himself of his sweatpants, leaving him in his nicest pair of boxers—he didn't have fancy underwear like George, but he'd tried his best to look good in preparation for this night.

He made a noise akin to a whine when Dream sat back down with his underwear still on. Dream raised an eyebrow at him. "What? You don't like your present?"

George huffed and squirmed on his fingers, looking more bothered by the second. Seeing his physical reaction to Dream's body was the biggest ego boost Dream could ask for. "Don't be mean," George said. "I could still say no. Back out before I even get on the plane, make you return all the nice things you bought me."

"But you won't," Dream said smugly. "You want this too badly."

Another eye roll, this time accompanied by redness pooling in the tips of George's ears. Dream hid a smirk behind his hand.

"Okay baby, that's enough. Grab your toy and lube it up."

The camboy eagerly shifted and reached out with still-wet fingers to grab the dildo. Once it was in hand, he popped open the lube container and slicked it quickly and efficiently. In only a few seconds, he was turning back to the computer for further instructions.

"Here's how this is gonna go," Dream began. "You're going to ride your toy, but only at the pace I say you can. Got it?"

He nodded, shifting up on shaking knees to give himself room to sink down onto the toy.

"Ah, ah, ah. I didn't say start yet, did I?"

George snapped his gaze to Dream, eyes burning. "What? Come on!"

Dream rolled his eyes, really liking the way George bit his lip at the motion. "There's just one rule for this game, baby."

"I know. Don't cum without permission."

“Oh no, sweetie.” Dream smirked. He was kind of glad George could see his face now; it was just another way he could tease the camboy. “You can cum as much as you want to, whenever you want to.”

His mouth fell open, pink lips shining with spit. “Then what—“

“You go at the pace I go,” Dream said, sliding down the waistband of his boxers to pull out his cock. George’s eyes widened at the sight. Dream stroked it slowly a couple times, showing off while George tried to close his dropped jaw. “You follow the motion of my hand with your toy. When I go up, you go up. When I go down, you drop down as deep as that toy will go, okay?”

George was nodding before Dream even finished speaking, the distant look in his eye telling Dream that his pretty head was filled with the mental image Dream was painting.

Dream tipped his head lazily, oozing confidence around a smirk. “Sound good, baby?”

“V-very good, yes.” His voice was raspy, and he cleared it with a polite *ahem*, pretending not to notice when Dream grinned at the sound.

“Good.” Dream tugged his boxers as far down as he could get them with one hand still wrapped around his cock. He reached out for the lube on his desk—he should probably buy more tomorrow—and slicked up his hand so it was nearly slipping off his palm. George’s dark eyes followed his every move.

He supposed he should have been self-conscious, going from zero to a hundred so quickly—George had seen his face *and* his dick for the first time within a few minutes of each other. He was speed running this, apparently. But he felt comfortable with the weight of George’s gaze on him, barely blinking in an effort to take everything in. If anything, Dream was a little more aware of his posture than usual, making sure he wasn’t slouching or scrunching anything in an unflattering way. But the way George—arguably the hottest person Dream had ever met—was looking at him like *that* made any lingering insecurity fly out the metaphorical window.

He wrapped his slick hand around his dick, not holding back the hiss he made at the sound. George squirmed visibly on the screen, clearly wanting to sink down onto his toy, but well-trained enough to hold himself back.

“Oh, good boy,” Dream purred. He stroked himself a couple times to spread the lube. “Alright, are you ready? Is your toy still wet?”

He shuffled quickly to feel the toy under him. “Yes,” he panted. “Dream, please...”

“Alright, baby. Follow my hand, okay?”

George nodded frantically. Dream didn’t see any point in drawing it out any longer.

He slid his slick fist down over the head of his cock, as tight as he could while making it feel good, desperately seeking the sensation of being inside George. His hand wasn’t nearly as soft or hot as George would be but watching George’s mouth drop open around a moan as he sank down on his toy made it easy to pretend.

He’d never stroked himself this slowly. He watched George’s face carefully for any sign of discomfort. But George was blissed out, eyes fluttering as he fought the urge to roll them back and keep his gaze locked on the screen.

“That good, love?” Dream panted. “Do I feel good inside you?”

A breathless whine slipped from George’s open mouth. “Yes! Dream, I want... I want...”

“What do you want, George?”

Another whine was the only response. Dream smiled softly. The camboy was already falling under the lull of the scene. Dream doubted he even knew what he wanted.

“Okay, baby. Watch my hand. If you get too out of rhythm, we’ll have to stop, okay?”

George nodded frantically, desperate to keep going. Dream was bluffing, obviously. When the camboy inevitably lost focus and his pace slipped, Dream would have mercy on him and let him fuck himself silly on his little toy.

Still, he wasn't quite ready to let him go.

"George," he cooed, grabbing the camboy's attention.

His gaze snapped up from where it had been locked on Dream's hand around his dick. His eyes were wild, unfocused. He looked fucking gorgeous. Dream couldn't wait to kiss the breath right out of his lungs.

"You look so pretty, sweetheart."

His face flushed even more as he squirmed on the toy buried deep inside him. "Dream," he whined. "You can't do that. Please..."

Dream chuckled darkly. "Alright, George. Be good for me."

Then he dragged his hand up his shaft as slowly as he could manage. George struggled to get his legs working, but after a moment, he was lifting off his toy with one hand clamped firmly at its base. Dream knew it would have been easier for the camboy if he could suction the dildo to a hard surface, but Dream liked watching him struggle—besides, he seemed to be managing just fine. George drew his bottom lip into his mouth, releasing it a second later as his thighs shook. The lingerie sat askew on his body, only the back of the G-string pulled out of the way so he could get the toy inside him. The front of the underwear looked about as useful as a windsock in a tornado at that point. The halter top was still in place, dark blue lace straps crisscrossing over his chest and shoulders.

Dream held his hand at the top of his dick for a moment longer than he usually would, sweeping his thumb over the tip just to watch George bite back complaints. He knew from experience that the best way to get what he wanted was to be patient and listen to everything Dream said. Whining at him would only draw it out.

Too worked up himself to tease anymore, Dream set a slow, steady pace, letting George's legs adjust to the motion. He dragged his hand all the way up his cock, lingering at the top for just a moment before going all the way down to his balls. George let out pitiful noises every time he sunk down, gasping with every upstroke. He'd explained to Dream once that the ridged head of the dildo dragged against his prostate when he pulled out, so he took advantage of that, making him linger with it there.

It didn't take long for George to get close. Within minutes of the slow, teasing pace, there was a wet spot in the front of his underwear. "Dream. Dream," he whined. "Dream, please."

"Tell me what you want, baby." Dream was close himself, worked up from imagining George there with him in the same room. Knowing he was just a day or so away from that made him edge even closer.

"Wanna cum," George panted. He didn't need to ask, though Dream didn't blame him for forgetting that tidbit of information. He was flushed with the effort and frustration from not being able to relax or tip himself over the edge. "Please, Dream, let me—"

"Okay, love." Dream tipped his head back, looking at George through his lashes as he let his self-control slip. "Whenever you want to."

Eyes wide, George shifted on his knees, muttering "thank you, thank you, thank you" under his breath as he started riding the toy at the pace he wanted. After a few strokes, his eyes fluttered closed, rolling back in pleasure.

The sight was enough to make Dream let go. He groaned, keeping his eyes locked on George as he spilled over his own fist. George's eyes cracked open at the sound, and when he saw Dream cumming, he gasped. One of his hands flew to the front of his underwear. The heel of his hand pressed against his cock, and then he was keening, curling in on himself as—Dream assumed—he came.

George pitched forward, his spine heaving with the convulsions of his orgasm. Dream watched him in wonder, wanting to reach out and run his hands over all that smooth, pale skin. He wanted to kiss every mole and freckle. He wanted to lick the sweat and cum from his skin. He wanted to rip that fancy lingerie from his body.

He just wanted *him*.

Dream wiped himself down with his towel, watching his screen for signs of life. The camboy shifted, and though Dream couldn't see clearly, he knew he was pulling off the toy and tugging his hand away from his cock. His knees straightened until he laid on his stomach, face hidden from Dream.

"You alright there, princess?"

George grunted in acknowledgement but didn't move an inch.

Dream chuckled. "Good to hear. Why don't you shut down your computer, get comfy, and call me on your phone, yeah?"

Finally, George turned his head so Dream could see one of his eyes. "Okay."

Several minutes later, Dream was in bed, teeth brushed, hands clean, and waiting for a call. His phone dinged, letting him know he had an incoming video call from George.

He accepted it, and George's grainy, tired face came into view. He was tucked under his covers, only visible from the nose up, on the verge of sleep. He was so adorable. Dream's heart clenched in his chest.

"Hi," Dream said.

George's cheek twitched. "Hi, Dream."

"You all cleaned up and ready to sleep?"

George hummed, snuggling against his pillow.

"Good. You did great, sweetheart."

His smile was visible now, shy and exhausted. "Thanks."

Dream smiled back, unable to help himself. "You look like you're about to pass out. I'll let you go. I know you need rest, especially after that. I don't want you to miss your flight."

"No." George's eyes blinked open. "Umm. I mean. You don't have to hang up. I'm tired, but I don't..."

“You don’t want to hang up yet?”

George shook his head.

“Oh.” Dream wanted to tug his blanket over his head to hide the way his ears were burning. “Okay. I’ll stay on with you until you go to sleep, okay?” At George’s nod, Dream sighed. “You look so good like this. Can’t wait to have you here with me.”

A quiet noise slipped from George’s lips, a tired little squeak. “I can’t wait either. But no ‘jamas.”

Dream blinked, trying to parse what he meant. Then his eyes crinkled into a smile. “You mean you don’t want pajamas when you sleep with me?” George shook his head, confirming he was right. “Okay, George. My bedroom will be a no-pajama zone, alright?”

“Sounds good.” His eyes were closed, words slurring.

“Sleep well, baby. I’ll see you soon.”

Even mostly asleep, George smiled.

Dream stayed on until George started snoring, soft little huffs of air that told Dream he was out. Even after that, he stuck around to watch him and make sure he was okay. It was a little creepy, probably, but looking at George soothed that bitter feeling that had been growing in his chest for weeks. Because as overjoyed as he was to get George in his arms, he didn’t know how he’d ever let him go.

He was probably going to cross some boundaries and end up with his heart broken.

But maybe that would be okay, he thought as he hung up finally, leaving him alone in the darkness of his bedroom.

Maybe getting his heart broken would be alright if it was George who broke it.

Chapter End Notes

TikTok: @kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

He fiddled with the thick pewter ring on his left thumb, contemplating taking it and the rest of the jewelry off.

“Dream?”

He looked up from his hands, breath catching at the voice that was both familiar and foreign.

“George?”

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in two weeks? Unheard of!

I'm trying to get more regular posting for this story; I'm sorry y'all.

I resurrected my Twitter if you'd like to follow me there. I'm @kayte_overmoon

I'm also on Tumblr. You can find me at <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

Stay tuned for more updates. We've only scratched the surface of the Slow Cherry universe.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was standing in the arrivals terminal, trying not to throw up.

He'd never been more nervous in his whole life. Not when he moved out of state for school, not when he sold his computer code, not even when he went on his first date in high school.

He kept checking the thighs of his pants to make sure he wasn't leaving visible sweat stains every time he wiped his hands off. He was wearing a nicer pair of jeans that Sapnap had once told him made him look “dummy thick” and a black button-down shirt. The sleeves were rolled up to his elbows—half because he was sweating his brains out and half because he remembered the way

George had stared at his hands over their video call. Black shoes, a couple rings, and a chain necklace, and he felt way overdressed. God, why did he go with the jewelry? This was an airport, not a fucking club.

He fiddled with the thick pewter ring on his left thumb, contemplating taking it and the rest of the jewelry off.

“Dream?”

He looked up from his hands, breath catching at the voice that was both familiar and foreign.

“George?”

A brilliant grin broke out on the brunet’s face as he abandoned his rolling suitcase and barreled into Dream’s chest. Dream gasped, wrapping his arms around him, cursing the backpack that was in the way of holding George properly.

He was here. He was actually here.

A soft giggle puffed against his neck. “Yeah, I’m here.”

Dream blushed, not realizing he’d spoken out loud. He just tightened his arms around him to keep him from noticing Dream’s flub.

Wild dark hair tickled his nose as he ducked his head. He smelled of airplane and day-old shampoo, but beneath it, there was the distinctive scent of *George*. Dream was already addicted to it.

“You didn’t tell me you were so short.”

George scoffed, jabbing Dream in the ribs as he pulled back just enough to look at him. Up close, George was twice as pretty as he was on screen—how was that even possible? His eyes were dark brown, shining gold at the pupils, lined with thick lashes. His cheeks were flushed, pink lips stretched over a dazzling grin. He was just wearing a familiar black hoodie and comfy-looking

sweats, but he managed to make even leisurewear look good. He was warm and solid in Dream's hands, looking up at him like there was nowhere in the world he'd rather be.

"You're just obnoxiously tall," George griped. "What do you even need all that height for?"

Dream smiled mischievously. "For *this*."

George yelped, feet leaving the ground as Dream bent his knees and lifted him up. George giggled madly, tucking his face into Dream's neck, arms and legs koala-ing around him as Dream squeezed him tight. A content sigh left the brunet. "That's a good enough reason, I guess."

Dream closed his eyes, drowning out the airport traffic around them as he breathed in the man wrapped around him. His heart was pounding wildly, his nerves and excitement swirling in his chest and morphing into something new, something that scared the shit out of him but felt too good to stop. It was like taking your first hit of a drug and knowing it was wrong, but the way it made you feel outweighed the guilt of taking it.

They embraced for a few moments more before George started squirming. "Dream," he said softly. "Let me go. I'm done with airports for the day. Maybe forever. Haven't decided yet."

Dream snorted and set him gently back on his feet. He was reluctant to let him go, afraid he would disappear if he stopped touching him. Something must have shown on his face, because as soon as he was standing on his own, George reached out and laced his cold fingers with Dream's. He pulled their entwined hands up to his face, pressing his lips against Dream's knuckles. He blinked up at him with wide, tired eyes. "Take me home, Dream?"

Heart stuttering and words leaving him, Dream nodded.

Dream pulled him over to the luggage carousel, yanking George's bigger suitcase off the line when he pointed it out. They each pulled a suitcase behind them, their clasped hands swinging between them. Dream led him out to the parking garage where he'd left his car, clicking the button to unlock his trunk as they approached.

George stopped a few steps away, his hand slipping from Dream's. "Wait."

Dream frowned, looking at him cautiously. Had he changed his mind? Was he uncomfortable? Oh

God, had Dream been too unprofessional, too familiar? Had he fucked this up already? Had he—

“*This* is your car?”

“Yes?” Dream said. He glanced at the car: a sleek sports-car that handled well in the city, a couple years old but clearly above the average pay grade. “Is something wrong with it?”

George blinked, staring at the car as Dream put his bags in it. “This is—I think you lied when you said how rich you are.”

Dream chuckled, the tension in his chest easing a little. “I never told you how rich I am.”

“And there’s the problem.” George’s mouth quirked in a smile as he handed over his backpack for Dream to put in the car. “How rich *are* you, Dream?”

Dream smirked. “I think it’s best you don’t know.”

“Okay, well.” George stopped, seeing he wasn’t going to win an argument with that opener. He stepped closer to Dream, leaning against the car, invading his space. His voice dipped down to that husky register that sent a fizzle of heat through Dream’s chest. “If you’re going to be my sugar daddy, I think it’s only fair if I know *how much* I can ask for.”

Dream laughed, reaching out to brush his thumb across his cheek. “Nice try.” He pulled George away from the car so he could shut the trunk. “Just get in the car, sweet cheeks.”

George pouted but rounded the car to get in, huffing the whole way. Dream rolled his eyes and followed to get in the driver’s seat.

“Do you want to navigate me?” he asked. “Or you can give me the address and I can—“

Lips against his stopped him mid-sentence.

George was kissing him, sweet and slow and Dream lost his head the second he registered what

was happening. He grabbed George's arm with one hand, the other running up his neck to curl in the hair he'd been itching to get his fingers in for months as he deepened the kiss, easily wresting control from the older man. George made a soft sound against Dream's mouth, following his pace willingly. His hands were fisted in Dream's shirt, pulling him across the console into his space.

It wasn't comfortable, and neither of them could get a good grip on the other, but it was all Dream had wanted and more.

George pulled away after a moment, panting, and Dream couldn't help but nudge his head up with his nose so he could kiss his way down George's jaw. "Dream," he breathed, hands curling around the back of Dream's neck to pull him closer. "Oh, fuck, I—"

Dream nipped the skin of his neck, making him gasp. "Language, baby."

"S-Sorry." George tipped his head, silently asking for more. Dream complied, licking the salt from George's skin as he panted against Dream's ear. George hummed, a little quiver going through him that Dream felt against his hands. "Dream, I—not here."

Dream growled a disappointed noise into the brunet's hot skin, feeling the pulse thrumming beneath his lips. "You started it."

"I know, I—God, I just wanted to..."

Dream pulled back, tipping George's head back to meet his gaze again. His eyelids were drooping in a way that could either be from lust or from exhaustion. Probably both if he had to guess. "I know. Me too." Dream kissed George again, keeping it soft as he licked the sweet taste of George's lip balm from his lips—something faintly fruity and fresh, like strawberry and mint. He forced himself to pull away, licking his lips to savor the last of the taste. George's eyes focused on Dream's mouth, watching the faint movement of his tongue as his own mouth hung open. "But we need to get you home. You're exhausted."

"I'm n—"

"Don't tell me you're not." Dream pulled his hands back, grabbing George's hands to keep him from pulling him in again. "You've been in the air for 20 hours. The only thing I plan on doing to you tonight is get you settled in your apartment, order you some food, and kiss you goodnight."

George blushed and stuck out his bottom lip in an adorable little pout that almost had Dream going back on his words immediately. “Fine,” George said. “But you’re coming over tomorrow to help me unpack and build furniture.”

Dream laughed, releasing George’s hands so he could start the car. “Deal.”

George fell asleep in the car, as Dream expected. He followed his phone’s directions to George’s apartment building, turning down the volume so he didn’t wake the other man. He kept stealing glances—as many as he could without crashing into a power pole. He curled himself in the seat, feet tucked under him, head pillowed on his arm against the door. At one point, his lips parted as he huffed soft breaths in his sleep.

How could one person be so perfect?

His apartment wasn’t far from Dream’s place—maybe a five-minute drive if traffic was in his favor. It was out of his way from school, though, and not within comfortable walking distance, so he wouldn’t have an excuse to just “be in the neighborhood.” That was disappointing, but probably a good thing. If he knew George was only a few doors down, he wouldn’t be able to control himself. He could barely control himself now, the reality of the situation finally sinking in.

This was Mr. Not Found, the camboy he’d been pining after for months. The man who fueled Dream’s fantasies, who he’d gotten off to for the better part of two years. His sugar baby.

The man he was almost definitely falling in love with.

Dream was gritting his teeth at a stop light, cursing himself internally, when a hand slid over his on the gear shift. George apparently woke when the car stopped, blinking blearily around. He trailed his fingers over Dream’s hand, his touch focusing on the ring on his thumb and the pronounced vein on the back of his hand. Dream flexed his fingers around the gear shift just to watch George’s cheeks turn red.

“Good nap?” he asked as the light turned green.

Pulling his hand back, George nodded. “How close are we?”

“Like, two blocks away.”

George sighed, nodding as he slipped into a yawn. He stretched as much as he could in the confines of the car, looking utterly lost in Dream’s black hoodie. “Sorry. I’m not good company when I’m asleep.”

Dream smiled. “I don’t know. You were pretty cute, drooling all over the leather.”

George scrambled to wipe his mouth with the sleeve of the hoodie before realizing Dream was laughing at him. “Jerk.” He smacked Dream’s arm gently, making him laugh harder as he flicked the blinker to turn into the parking garage beneath George’s building.

“Don’t worry about it, sweetheart. Like I told you, you don’t have to entertain me or anything.” He flicked his gaze over to George. “It’s enough that you’re here with me.”

“Aww,” George cooed, leaning across the console to butt Dream’s arm with his head. “You’re such a simp.”

“Haha,” Dream deadpanned. He pulled into a parking spot and killed the engine. “Keep talking like that and I’ll make you put together all that IKEA shit on your own.”

George snorted and raised his hands in surrender, a glint in his eye. “Fine! I’m sorry. I’ll be good from now on.”

Dream rolled his eyes and opened his door. “We both know that’s a lie.”

George didn’t argue with that.

They retrieved the bags from the trunk and buzzed into the office to be let in. Dream was pleased to find the complex had a great security system: there were security guards in the garage and the lobby, and no one could get in without being let in by other residents or someone at the office. The lobby itself was nice, with high ceilings and modern, clean furnishings. A younger lady greeted

them at the desk and helped George finalize his paperwork. She confirmed his identity with his passport, gave him his keys, and told him there were several packages waiting for him—the furniture he'd ordered.

Dream was even more pleased with the apartment itself. It was nice—not as nice as Dream's, but close enough. There were synthetic wood floors, and the walls were freshly painted a light neutral cream color. The main area was open concept, the kitchen with stainless steel appliances and a little breakfast bar. There weren't enough windows, in Dream's opinion, but that was a given when you lived in the city.

George stood in the middle of the empty room, spinning in a circle to take it all in.

"Everything to your liking?" Dream asked, setting the bags down at the door. "If not, I can go bang a few heads in, or flash some cash and get you a better place."

George laughed, turning to look at him. "No, thanks. This is great. I'll need to go shopping for furniture in here soon, but most of the bedroom stuff is downstairs. Do you mind helping me bring that up?"

Dream shook his head and ushered him back downstairs.

There were only a couple boxes, none of them horribly heavy, but the lady at the desk got them a cart to take it all up. Dream was very thankful for the elevator.

They ordered some sandwiches from a nearby deli that Dream loved and set about sorting out the furniture. George said he was too tired to deal with most of it, so he convinced Dream to just find the box that contained his mattress and let it air out. While the mattress spread itself out on the bedroom floor, Dream helped George find the set of sheets he'd tucked away in his bags. They were old and well-used, but they would do for now. Dream made a mental note to buy some nicer ones before he came over next.

A weird sort of happiness crept over Dream as they sat in George's empty living room on the floor, giggling and eating sandwiches together. It felt... right, somehow. Like this was what he'd been missing his whole life.

Thoughts like that were dangerous. They weren't dating. They weren't really even friends. George was just trying to live his life, and Dream was creeping on him and crossing boundaries in his

mind. To George, Dream was just a convenient hookup while he got settled into his new life. To George, this was a means to an end, a way to warm his bed until something better came along.

It hurt to know Dream was just a client.

A foot nudged his own. “Hey.” George was looking at him oddly. He’d been talking, and Dream hadn’t been listening.

“Sorry,” Dream said.

“It’s okay.” He set his sandwich wrappings aside. “Do you want to go home, or...”

Something nasty twisted in Dream’s chest. He shot to his feet, brushing crumbs off his lap. “Yeah, I should get going. I’ve got... stuff to do.”

“Oh.” A spark flashed across George’s face, but he hid it quickly, standing as well and collecting their trash. “Right. Well. Thanks for picking me up. And for dinner. And for...” He made a vague gesture with his hand, color rising to his cheeks.

Despite the pit in his stomach, Dream smiled. “Thank *you*, George. It’s a delight to finally see you in person. Even better than through that 4K webcam.”

George cracked a smile. “Thanks.” He balled the trash in his hands. There wasn’t anywhere to throw it away yet, so he just held it uncertainly until Dream took it from him and stuffed it in the bag it arrived in to throw away on his way out.

“Will you be alright here for the night? You can come crash at my place if you...”

George shook his head. “No, I’ll be fine. I’ve got my bathroom stuff ready, and the mattress is comfy enough for now. I’ll probably be asleep before you even make it home.”

“Okay. Well.” Dream cleared his throat. “I’ll see you in the morning, then? To help you unpack and all that. I’ll bring breakfast?”

George nodded.

“Cool. I’ll, uh, see you then... then...”

He turned to leave but George caught him by the sleeve. “Wait.”

Heart doing somersaults, he stopped and faced George again. “What?”

“You forgot something.”

Dream looked around, patting his pockets to make sure he had his phone and his keys. “No, I think...”

George looked up at him from under his lashes, tapping his chin. “I was promised dinner, help getting settled, and...”

Finally, Dream caught on, remembering his words from the car. He smiled, stepping closer and tipping George’s chin up. “Of course,” he said. “I almost left without my goodnight kiss.”

Face flushed, George grinned, stretching up into Dream’s space until they shared the same breath. “I’d never forgive you if you did.”

“I wouldn’t either.”

Dream closed the distance between them, chasing the feeling of the camboy’s lips against his. George made the same content noise against him as he did the first time, relaxing into Dream’s hold. His arms slipped around Dream’s waist, not letting him pull away until he had his fill.

Dream held him close, one hand on his jaw and the other, the one holding the trash bag, on George’s shoulder.

All those thoughts from earlier disappeared. This wasn't just any camboy; this was *George*. They'd spent late nights talking about video games, movies, life philosophies. He'd seen George at his most vulnerable state when he accidentally let his real name slip. He pushed Dream's limits and knew what to say to rile him up. He drove him absolutely crazy.

George opened his mouth, tongue tracing over Dream's upper lip to entice him into something more, but Dream pulled back with a groan. "No. We're stopping before I decide I need to stay here."

Acquiescing, George pulled back with a shrug. "Wouldn't be the worst thing."

With his self-control waning, Dream tugged George's hair just a little to keep him back. "Easy, there. You need sleep, and if I stay, neither of us is sleeping tonight."

A disappointed, undeniably horny noise clawed its way from George's throat and Dream very nearly said *fuck it* and dragged George over to the mattress on the floor. He took a pointed step back, so he was no longer touching the other man.

"Go to bed." He backed up more, putting as much distance between them as he could. "I'll be here at eleven so you can sleep in as much as you want. I'm bringing crepes."

"Dream?"

"Yeah?"

A look that was far too innocent to be believable was leveled his way. "You'll fuck me tomorrow?" George asked, voice soft as silk.

Dream grasped the doorknob to keep himself from doing something he'd regret. "Tomorrow," he said, voice deeper than it had been a moment ago. "If you're patient, I'll fuck you tomorrow."

George grinned, clearly having gotten the reaction he wanted.

Shortly after he got home, Dream got a message notification from George. He opened it, half expecting a raunchy text that would make him regret leaving.

But no. It was a meme.

It was a screen cap from *The Princess Bride*, a movie they shared a love for. It was the scene where Westley explains to Buttercup how every night while he was held captive, the Dread Pirate Roberts would tell him, “Good night, Westley. Good work. Sleep well. I’ll most likely kill you in the morning.” But “Westley” had been poorly scratched out and replaced with “George,” and “kill” was now “fuck.”

George sent him a hand-crafted meme that said “Good night, George. Good work. Sleep well. I’ll most likely fuck you in the morning.”

What a fucking nerd.

God, Dream was so in love with him.

After clutching his phone to his chest for a few moments, freaking out like a teenage girl, he saved the picture to his phone and responded.

As you wish.

Chapter End Notes

TikTok: @kayte_overmoon

Twitter: @kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

I'd apologize for the *Princess Bride* reference, but I'm not sorry.

This is a real meme that I made (unfortunately). Find it on my twitter:

https://twitter.com/kayte_overmoon/status/1436361614702399503

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Dream groaned and scrambled for the instructions they'd been ignoring. "How many more steps are there to this thing? Really, how difficult can a bed frame be?"

"Well, we want it to be structurally sound." George tested one of the rungs with a rough jerk. "Don't want anything shifting or coming loose... later."

"I'm going to fucking wreck you later, you little brat."

George only grinned, cheeks flushing happily.

Chapter Notes

Crepes and building furniture... their first day together, and they're already so domestic.

I've been posting updates on my Twitter, @kayte_overmoon, if you'd like to follow!

Sorry updates are so sporadic. I'm trying to do better!

Thank you for all your support. Enjoy.

In case you missed it: I posted the spoiler-free epilogue to my KarlNap serial killer AU, Madmen Know Nothing (coming later this year). I'd love for y'all to check it out, but please mind the tags. :)

"I Have Wandered Home (Madmen Know Nothing Epilogue)"
<https://archiveofourown.org/works/33992473>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream showed up at 11:30 the next morning, dressed to assemble furniture with a box of gifts for George and container of hot crepes tucked under his arm.

George answered the door blearily, looking only mildly conscious. He blinked a few times before recognizing Dream's form before him and letting him in, and Dream was glad he'd decided to show up later than planned.

He followed Dream to the kitchen, where Dream put down the crepes and set about getting the cutlery he'd tucked in his back pocket.

As he stood at the counter, sorting the crepes into sweet and savory—he'd gotten an assortment, since he didn't know what George would want—thin arms wrapped around his waist from behind. He turned to see a head of messy brown hair snuggled against his shoulder blades. George made a soft sound at Dream's chuckle, tightening his arms and rubbing his cheek against Dream's back. The casual affection made Dream's heart stutter uncontrollably in his chest; he hoped George was too tired to notice.

"Not awake yet?"

"No." It was muffled against the fabric of Dream's shirt.

"Come on, George. I brought food." He wiggled around, managing to hook an arm around George's neck and pulling him around so he was snuggled against his side instead of his back. It wasn't an effective means of getting George to wake up. He just sighed and rested his head on Dream's shoulder. "Hey, come on!" Dream nudged him lightly, dropping a kiss onto George's hair, unable to resist him. "There's energy drinks in the box here, somewhere."

George lifted his head a bit, peering into the box Dream brought in with him. "What's all this?"

"Told you I bought you some stuff," Dream said, pulling himself away from the warm, clingy man beside him. If he let himself indulge now, George wouldn't have any furniture for at least another week. "It's mainly stuff for the house; things I figure you didn't bring with you, or you wouldn't think to buy yet. And a couple nice things, just because."

George looked up at him, giving him a soft, squinty-eyed smile. "Dream," he said. "You didn't have to."

Dream shrugged. "I know. I wanted to."

The smile got a dirty edge to it Dream was intimately familiar with but seeing it up-close and in person made heat run up his spine. George pressed himself against Dream, pinning him to the counter. Dream's breath caught at the feeling of that lithe, distracting body molded to his own. "Thank you," George purred. Sleep still clung to his eyes, but there was a warmth there quickly driving it out. "You've done so much for me, and I haven't even repaid you. How am I ever going to make it up to you?"

Dream cupped his cheek, thumbing over his pink mouth. "I have several ideas." George's pupils dilated, warm brown almost completely swallowed up by black as he stared at Dream's lips. He pressed against Dream's hand, tipping his head up slowly for a kiss. Dream tightened his grip, halting George a breath away from his mouth, his thumb the only thing between them. "But not yet. We need to get this place put together because I know as soon as I get my hands all over you, I'm never going to let go."

A look that was equal parts endeared, turned on, and frustrated crossed the brunet's face. He stuck his lip out, pouting against Dream's hand as he tilted his head to give him the best puppy-dog eyes he could manage.

"Hey now," Dream chuckled, pulling his hand back. "Put the eyes away. You need food, and furniture, and clothes before anything else."

George huffed, pointedly ignoring him as he started poking through the different crepes Dream bought.

Once they were fed, George rifled through the gifts Dream bought him. He rolled his eyes at the silk shirts folded neatly on top of the pile and bit back a smile when he saw his favorite energy drinks tucked in the very bottom. He pressed a tiny kiss to the corner of Dream's mouth in thanks before sweeping away, leaving him stunned in the middle of the kitchen.

"Not much of my furniture is here yet," George said, unaware or uncaring of the flustered mess he'd left behind. "The bed frame, desk, and bookshelf are all that need assembled. I'll need to actually go out to buy most everything else."

Dream cleared his throat softly. "What about the stuff you're having shipped here?"

"That's mostly clothes and electronics. It was too expensive to have all my furniture shipped all the way here."

Dream frowned. "I could've helped you. Why didn't you say something?"

The brunet gave a spirited eye roll. He seemed to be much more awake after breakfast. "I told you, I don't want your money. As my sugar daddy, it's your job to make sure I have whatever pretty, useless baubles my heart desires. I wouldn't ask you to drop a couple hundred on shipping costs."

"You know I would, though. Not just because I'm your sugar daddy, but because we're..."

George rescued him from having to flounder. “Friends?” Dream sighed in relief, nodding. “Of course we’re friends, Dream. That’s why I couldn’t ask you. It’s no bother, really. I didn’t like a lot of the furniture I had in London anyhow. I was going to get new stuff whether I moved or not.”

That made Dream feel marginally better.

He was done pretending his crush on George wasn’t a massive concern. He didn’t want to be that asshole who took liberties because the person he was seeing was a sex worker. Dream respected his boundaries, and the thought of overstepping and hurting George, having George cut him off was scarier than Dream would have thought.

They went into the bedroom to start putting the bed frame together. Luckily, the stuff George bought was from a company that included all the necessary tools, so they wouldn’t have to go find a hardware store.

It was nice to spend time with George, even when they were silent and too far apart to touch. It reminded him of that last call, where George had fallen asleep. He seemed so relaxed, so comfortable around Dream, and Dream wanted to do everything in his power to keep it that way.

Was George always this affectionate with his friends? Was he putting on a show so Dream would feel like he was getting his equal share of their deal?

Either way, Dream was honored to have even a sliver of this man’s attention.

He watched him as closely as he could while they worked without being creepy. George’s thinking face was adorable: brows furrowed, tongue between his teeth, hunched intently over the bedframe he was twisting screws into. His hair was still sleep-mussed, and he’d spilled a bit of cheese on his shirt at breakfast. Everything about him was earnest, endearing.

While Dream was staring, hex key forgotten in his hand, George looked up, freezing him in place with his amber gaze. He smiled when he caught Dream. “Working hard or hardly working over there?”

Dream snorted, looking down at the screw he’d tightened three times already. “A little bit of both, honestly.”

“You know,” George went on conversationally. “If you’re going to look at me like that, maybe you should at least buy me dinner first.”

“Hey! I brought brunch.”

George giggled. “That you did. Thank you, by the way. I’ll be sure to thank you *properly* later.”

Dream groaned and scrambled for the instructions they’d been ignoring. “How many more steps are there to this thing? Really, how difficult can a bedframe be?”

“Well, we want it to be structurally sound.” George tested one of the rungs with a rough jerk. “Don’t want anything shifting or coming loose... later.”

“I’m going to fucking wreck you later, you little brat.”

George only grinned, cheeks flushing happily.

A few hours later, George had a whole bedroom full of furniture. The bed was assembled, the bookshelf was beginning to fill with trinkets, and the desk was ready for George’s computer when it arrived. Most of his belongings were still packed away, but it was beginning to look like an actual living space.

“Right.” George stood at the door with his hands on his hips, looking at the bed contemplatively with a jittery look in his eye. “Well, that’s all the work I had for you today. So, if you want to...”

Dream smirked as George trailed off, avoiding Dream’s eye even as he stepped closer to the shorter man. “If I want to what? Go home?”

George frowned, pink rising to the tips of his ears. “No.”

“No, I can’t go home?”

George rolled his eyes, grabbing Dream by the front of the shirt. “Damnit Dream, I made you a meme and everything, and all you’ve done is tease me!”

“As if you haven’t been giving just as good as you get.” Dream pried his fingers open, holding his wrist when he let go of Dream’s shirt. He grabbed George’s chin with the other hand. “And I hope you haven’t forgotten our rules so quickly.”

George’s Adam’s apple bobbed as he swallowed, unable to look away from Dream’s lips. “I haven’t. I’m sorry. I won’t swear again.”

“You’d better not, if you still want me to make good on my promises tonight,” Dream said. George squirmed in his grasp, a little sound slipping past his lips that nearly made Dream get headrush. “Focus on me for a second, baby.”

George blinked a couple times, sighing as he forced himself to meet Dream’s eye. “Sorry.”

“You’re alright.” Dream rewarded him with a hand in his hair, petting down the messy strands. Honestly, it was more Dream giving in to his own desires than indulging George’s. “Do you want this? You can back out at any time. If you’re tired or uncomfortable, we can stop this now. I never want you to feel pressured into something you don’t want 100 percent. I want you to feel good and enjoy this as much as I do. You don’t owe me anything.”

“Dream.” A furrow appeared between George’s brows. His hand that wasn’t trapped by Dream’s reached up to hold his waist, his touch hot even through the fabric of Dream’s shirt. “I want this. I want *you*. More than I’ve ever wanted anyone. Please. I’ll do anything.”

Elation flooded Dream’s system, but he was too shocked to smile. He wasn’t fully convinced he was awake; surely this was just a best-case-scenario thing his brain came up with to torture him in his sleep.

“Anything?” Dream whispered.

George nodded, dark lashes fluttering as he forced himself to meet Dream’s eye.

“Well, then...” Dream used his grip on George’s chin to tip his head to the side, exposing his pale neck. He ran his nose up from his shoulder to ear, relishing in the shiver it elicited as George tipped his head further, silently asking for more. Dream hid a grin against the hot skin of George’s throat, lips just barely brushing the brunet’s ear. “Go take a shower.”

George stiffened in confusion. “What?”

Dream pulled back to look him in the eye, releasing his grip on his chin and wrist. George stood there for a moment, blinking rapidly. “You heard me,” Dream said. “Go take a shower. You worked up a sweat and I want you to be as relaxed as possible.”

“But what about you?”

“I’ll be fine. I’ll need it more after, anyway.”

George looked like he was about to fight Dream’s logic but decided against it last minute. A little smirk twitched into place. “Won’t you join me?”

“Nice try, princess,” Dream laughed. “I’ve got stuff to get ready. Go clean yourself. Thoroughly.”

George blushed but nodded, starting toward the bathroom. “My toys are in my suitcase if you want to—”

“No toys.” Dream put his hands in his pockets, dipping his chin and giving George a look that spoke more than his words would. “We won’t be needing them tonight.”

George gulped, fists clenching at his sides. Then he was gone, scampering off to the bathroom without another word.

Dream laughed at his abrupt departure.

When George came back from his shower, dripping wet with a towel around his waist, Dream was

sitting at the end of the freshly made bed, waiting for him in his t-shirt and boxers. Dream had bought brand-new bedsheets for him and washed them at his house, so they were clean and flat, not a wrinkle in sight. He tucked the edges of the blanket in and fluffed the pillows, wanting it to look as nice as possible.

George paused at the doorway, taking in Dream and the bed.

“This is... not what I was expecting you to do while I was gone.”

Dream laughed softly. “What were you expecting? Me, naked and slathered in oil, posed on the bed with rose petals, champagne, and condoms?”

“I would’ve settled for you, naked with condoms.”

Dream laughed again and stood, crossing the few steps to stand in front of George. Up close, he could see the droplets of water clinging to him where he’d been too impatient to properly towel off after the shower and the flush of his skin where the water had been too hot. He smelled fantastic—some heady mix of spice and citrus that nearly made Dream close his eyes and huff. He grabbed George by the hips, fingers digging into the towel. “Didn’t even dry your hair?” Dream tsked. “Must I do everything myself?”

George gasped as Dream ripped the towel from around his waist, leaving him completely bare, and brought it up to rub his soaked hair gently. “Dream,” he complained weakly. His cheeks were more flushed now—not just from the shower—and Dream smiled at the sight, keeping his gaze fixed on his hands as he dried the brunet’s hair.

“Hush,” Dream said. He kept drying, hiding a smile as George tried not to fidget too much under his touch and attention. Once his hair was fluffy and no longer dripping, he pulled back. “Go lie on the bed. Flat on your stomach. Grab a pillow if you want.”

George nodded and rushed to comply, easing himself onto the bed. He deflated the second his body made contact with the fluffy mattress now adorned with new sheets, his cute little ass twitching as he wiggled to get comfortable.

Dream took in the view from where he stood. And *God*, was it a view.

Dream knew the other man was gorgeous (duh, he had eyes) but he still couldn't get used to seeing it in person. He was accustomed to seeing that body through a screen, but seeing it—seeing *George*—laid out all pretty and pale on sheets that *Dream* bought him...

It stoked a fire Dream didn't even know was burning inside him.

He wanted nothing more in that moment than to crawl on the bed, grab George by the hips, and smother himself between those adorable ass cheeks.

But he had plans.

"Close your eyes," he told George.

He tried to keep his movements as quiet as possible so George couldn't figure out what he was up to. He must have been successful, because when Dream's slicked-up hands landed on George's calves, he jumped.

The older man hissed wordlessly, close enough to a curse that Dream squeezed his legs. "Easy," Dream chuckled. "It's just massage oil."

George relaxed again as Dream smoothed his hands up and down the brunet's slim legs, rubbing the oil in and easing the tension he'd built up during his travels. "You know." George's voice was slightly muffled where he had his face against one of the pillows. "This isn't what I had in mind for tonight."

"Yeah?" Long fingers pushed into the sides of George's Achilles tendons, thumbs digging in just right. "What did you have in mind?"

George huffed, looking like he wanted to complain but too relaxed at Dream's firm touches. "Mainly I expected to have you *in me* by now."

That made Dream laugh hard enough to have to take a break from his massage. "Okay," he said between chuckles. "Fair. We'll get there, I promise."

George turned to look at him over his shoulder. “Why wait?”

“Because.” Dream grabbed the bottle of massage oil where he’d left it on the bed. It was lightly scented—some mix of mint and herb that reminded him of George—and thick enough to not spill all over the brand-new bed sheets. He poured more into his hands, rubbing them together to heat it up. His hands returned to George’s legs, higher now. “While I’m intimately familiar with the things to say that rile you up, I don’t know all the spots on your body that drive you crazy. I intend to learn.” To emphasize this, he dug his thumb into the meat of his thigh above his knee. George gasped, leg twitching. His knees scooted apart the tiniest bit, letting Dream catch a glimpse between his thighs.

“But this—” George broke off with a gasp as Dream straddled his lower legs, pressing harder at his thighs now that he had leverage. “I’m supposed to be paying you back, aren’t I?”

Dream was glad George couldn’t see his face then because he couldn’t control the frown that stole across his face. He bit back the bitter taste in the back of his throat. “You are paying me back,” he said after a moment, voice miraculously even. “You’re letting me take care of you, aren’t you?”

George snorted. “I feel like I’m getting more out of this than you are.”

“Yeah?” Dream scooted up more, skipping over his ass to rest his hands on George’s lower back, pressing his boxer-clad dick against him. George gasped, arching into the touch. “You think I’m not getting anything out of this?”

“Does this—does this turn you on?”

“Having a gorgeous man who wants to fuck me under me, relaxing beneath my hands? Yeah, it turns me on.”

“No.” George let out a breathless little giggle. Dream felt the motion under his hands and squeezed tighter to savor it: the feeling of this perfect man laughing under him, because of him. George levered himself up on one arm, turning to face him. “I mean taking care of me. Spoiling me. You’re not doing it out of... obligation or anything?”

Unable to help himself, Dream dipped down to kiss him. He reacted immediately, bringing one hand up to pull Dream closer. He shifted like he wanted to turn over and face Dream properly, but the blond halted him with a squeeze to his hip. He pulled back before the kiss could get too heated,

licking his lips. "I don't do things I don't want to do, George." He smirked. "And I want to do *you*."

George blinked for a moment, staring at Dream's lips. Then he processed Dream's joke. "Ugh!" He pushed Dream's face away from him, laughing along with him.

"What? It's true!"

"Fine! I believe you." He giggled for a few more moments before looking at Dream seriously. His brows furrowed and he couldn't quite make himself meet Dream's eye. "It's just... you're a good guy, Dream, and a great friend. I've never done anything like this before. I don't want to mess it up."

Dream stroked his hair, smiling softly when he leaned into the touch. "I've never done this either. It's... strange. But nice. I like taking care of you. I like knowing you're not alone in the big city, all by yourself." He shrugged. "Fucking you is just a plus. A very big plus, but still."

George snickered and pushed himself up to kiss Dream again. He allowed it, gasping when the brunet nipped at his lips before slipping his tongue out to lave away the pain. Dream chuckled, deeper and darker than it had been before. The hand he'd been gently stroking George's hair with balled into a fist, yanking his head back and making him hiss. "Dream," he whispered. His cheeks were pink, his eyes distant.

Dream licked his lips again at the sight. "Who calls the shots here, sweetheart?"

George swallowed harshly, his breaths kicking up. "You do."

"Good boy." Dream rewarded him with another, gentler tug to his hair. Judging by the way George's eyes rolled back, it was a good reward. Dream released his hair and sat back up, so he was straddling the backs of George's thighs. "We do this my way, or not at all. Got it?"

George nodded, shoulders flexing as he gripped his pillow. "Got it."

"Good." Dream grabbed the massage oil, flicking his gaze over to the foot of the bed where he'd left a bottle of lube and a strip of condoms. "The more you struggle, the more you fight back, the longer I'll take before I fuck you. Do you understand, George?"

“Yes, sir.”

Dream smiled and set his oiled hands on George’s shoulders, prepared to draw this out until he couldn’t handle the wait anymore. “Good boy. Just relax and let me do all the work.”

Chapter End Notes

Smut next chapter. Promise. :)

Twitter: https://twitter.com/kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

TikTok: https://www.tiktok.com/@kayte_overmoon?

Chapter 8

Chapter Summary

Dream's plan of taking things slow, making it nice and gentle and romantic went out the window. It was like dangling a steak to a starving dog or offering another hit to an addict: giving into desire was as easy as breathing.

Chapter Notes

I'm trying to keep my posting schedule to every other Friday. So, if I'm good at time management, the next chapter will be out on November 19th (maybe... hopefully...).

Come hang out with me on Twitter! I talk about Slow Cherry and my other WIPs a lot. [@kayte_overmoon](https://twitter.com/kayte_overmoon)

I'm also on Tumblr! I don't hang out there as much as Twitter, but I post every chapter of Slow Cherry there as well. <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream's intent had been to relax George enough that he wouldn't be bothered by nerves.

He feared he may have gone too far.

He'd been steadily massaging George in near silence for at least fifteen minutes, and the older man had turned into a puddle on the bed. He'd started making pleased hums and soft moans when Dream was massaging his back, but those had tapered off. Now he was silent and still, small puffs of breath fanning out on his pillow. His head was turned and Dream saw his eyes were firmly shut.

Dream tried not to be disappointed. He was glad he'd succeeded in relaxing George, but if he was asleep, there was no way he was going to wake him up for sex. He'd just gotten to the country, and he was horribly jetlagged. The last thing he needed was his horny sugar daddy jumping on him while he slept.

Dream sighed and carefully peeled himself off George's still form.

A little squeak stopped him. George cracked open an eye and was looking at him sleepily. "Where

you going?" he asked softly.

Dream smiled at him, endeared. "You're falling asleep." He sat on the bed beside him, stroking his hair with gentle fingers. "I didn't want to bother you."

"Bother me," George mumbled. Dream wasn't sure if it was a question or a request. George pouted and wiggled closer so he could rest his cheek on Dream's bare thigh. Dream's breath hitched at the contact, those plush lips so close to his waning erection. Soft brown eyes blinked up at him. "You made me a promise."

Dream grinned. "I did. You still up for it? It's almost dinner time, I think. We can just reheat the leftover crepes and call it a night."

George sat up, pouting at Dream. He didn't seem to care that he was naked and Dream still wore his shirt and boxers. He sat as prim and straight as he did in his streams. "Dream, if you leave here without fucking me, I'll never forgive you."

"Hey." Dream grabbed his chin, squeezing gently to see his lips pucker. "Language."

"Yeah?" George looked at him through hooded eyes, pressing against his hand. He licked his lips deliberately, knowing Dream was watching. "What are you going to do about it?"

Dream muffled a grunt and pulled George in to kiss him.

George practically purred at getting what he wanted. He wrapped his skinny arms around Dream's neck, pulling them closer together as he got up on his knees for better access to Dream. Dream grabbed his waist, tipping backward and pulling him on top of himself. George scrambled to straddle him.

Dream decided then and there to swear off using blankets, because they could never compare to George's warm, soft body on top of him. There was so much skin, and he wanted to get his hands and mouth on every single inch of it.

George seemed to be of a similar mind. He kept one hand in Dream's hair, knotting it between his fingers, and the other trailed down Dream's chest to ruck up his shirt, groping him along the way. "Off," he demanded against Dream's lips.

Dream complied, pushing himself upright to yank his t-shirt over his head. George was watching him eagerly, his dark eyes taking in the newly exposed skin as his fist involuntarily tightened in Dream's hair.

"Like what you see?" asked Dream, smirking.

George's gaze snapped up to his. Pink flooded his cheeks, but he tried to hide it with an eye roll. "It'll do, I suppose."

Dream buried his giggles in George's neck, nipping the skin gently to see him seize up at the pleasure. "Little shit."

George's breath stuttered as he laughed, pulling Dream's mouth closer with the grip on his hair.

Dream grabbed the smaller man's hips and flipped them easily, so he was hovering over George. Fluffy brown hair fell gently on the sheets, still drying from the shower. His eyes were luminous, staring up at Dream expectantly, completely unselfconscious in his nakedness. Dream's breath caught at the view and suddenly he couldn't get his boxers off quick enough.

"I wanted to draw this out," he said as George's eyes widened at the view between Dream's legs. "But I don't think I can wait much longer."

George huffed, still staring at Dream's dick as he discarded the boxers and took himself in hand to give it a few slow strokes. "Your fault for making me shower and rubbing me down first."

"Are you complaining?"

"Wait any longer to get inside me and I *will* be complaining."

Dream chuckled and dipped down to kiss down George's chest, following the path his blush made down the otherwise pale skin. He smelled of his minty-fruity bodywash that Dream was quickly becoming addicted to. Even clean from the shower, the salt of his skin was intoxicating on Dream's tongue.

He found himself on his stomach between George's legs, his face just inches away from the dick he'd been dying to get his mouth on for months. His hand found the lube he'd brought to the bed with the massage oil, but George's hand wrapped around his wrist before he could do much else.

"What's wrong?" Dream looked up at him in concern: he was pink and turning pinker, and his chest was heaving, but other than that, he looked alright. His stomach twisted at the thought of going too fast, pushing George too far.

George tugged his wrist, making him crawl back up over the brunet to kiss him. Dream relaxed at the touch. "I'm fine," George said. "I just want to kiss you while you get me ready."

Dream smiled. "Yeah? Don't want me to go too far, hmm?"

"Please." The plea was only half-joking. "I've been waiting for this for... for ages. I want you." His arm slid around Dream, nails digging into his shoulder. "Just like this."

All the breath left Dream's lungs. He couldn't even try to come up with a witty, teasing remark, because George's honest admission made his heart do somersaults and his thoughts turn to white noise. All he could do was nod.

He propped himself on one elbow, his body pressed against George's side. One of his legs hooked over George's to keep them spread but based on how hard George's cock was straining up toward his bellybutton, he was too eager to close them anyway. Like this, they only had one free hand each, but they worked in tandem to open the bottle of lube and squeeze some onto Dream's fingers. The temperature couldn't be helped without his other hand, but Dream went on anyway, slipping his fingers between George's legs.

George gasped, a familiar sound that was a million times hotter breathed into Dream's ear than into a microphone. Dream took a steadying breath himself as he rubbed his slick middle finger over the tight hole he'd spent hours dreaming about (in a totally not creepy, not obsessed way, of course).

"Come *on*," George said with a buck of his hips. "I literally flew across the world for this, just get to—ah!"

Tired of his nagging, Dream decided to just go for it and slide his whole finger in at once. George gasped, pretty dark lashes fluttering as his hips quirked. Dream pushed him back down using the

finger inside him, urging his hips to the mattress again with only a few small touches. George obeyed immediately, not even processing that Dream was pushing him around with literally just one finger. Dream tipped his head and kissed him, relishing the moan he gasped out against his lips.

“That’s it,” George breathed. His eyes opened, pupils wider than they had been a moment earlier. Dream was half-lying on one of his arms, but he reached out to push back Dream’s hair with his free one. “That’s it, thank you. Please, more.”

Unable to resist that sweet breathy plea, Dream pulled his finger out and returned with another, slipping his tongue in George’s wanting mouth.

Two fingers met with a little more resistance than just the one, but not as much as he would expect. He crooked them carefully, wishing he could see the way George’s hole stretched around them. He settled for pulling back and admiring the way he furrowed his brow when they edged past his prostate. “Got a little distracted in the shower, did we?”

George’s cheeks reddened. “You told me to clean myself.” He dropped his voice in a mimicry of Dream’s American accent. “*Thoroughly.*”

Dream grinned and nipped at George’s shoulder in retaliation of the unflattering impression. “Yes, *clean yourself.* Not play with yourself.”

George frowned. “Bugger off. How would you know the difference anyway?”

“Because,” Dream said, voice low and even enough for George’s hackles to rise. “If you’d been a good boy and just cleaned yourself, I wouldn’t be able to do *this.*” He slid in a third finger and wasted no time in finally pressing all three of them against George’s prostate.

George arched, a hoarse cry ripping from his mouth. His head tipped back against the blankets, his free hand gripping Dream’s wrist, keeping his fingers buried deep. Dream rolled his fingers again, glad he was pinning down half of George’s body as he jerked and shuddered. “Fine, fine!” He was notably more breathless than last he spoke. With a triumphant grin, Dream eased up his relentless presses on his prostate. George sighed in relief, but his hips twitched impatiently. “I’m sorry. I got carried away.”

“It’s okay.” Dream kissed up his neck, feeling how he clenched around Dream’s fingers when he

nipped gently at the skin there. “I’m just teasing you. I appreciate it, actually. Means I get to fuck you sooner.”

A desperate noise clawed itself out of George’s throat. His fingers dug harder into Dream’s forearm. “How soon?”

Dream hummed, easing his fingers in and out a couple times to test how loose George was. He was clinging to his fingers, unwilling to let his fingers go, but he wasn’t clamping down or straining. “You want a fourth finger?” he asked, teasing his pinky against the stretched rim of George’s hole.

George bit his lip, looking down between his legs, as if he could see what Dream was doing to him. “No, no, it’s fine.” He glanced at Dream, pink dusting the tip of his nose. “As long as you go slow at first and use lots of lube, I’m fine.”

Dream kissed the reddened tip of George’s nose, just because it was there, and he could. George sputtered a bit at the innocent little kiss, then hissed when Dream eased his fingers out. Dream scrambled up onto his knees, settling himself once more between George’s legs, lifting one to see the way his hole reddened from Dream’s fingers.

Dream’s plan of taking things slow, making it nice and gentle and *romantic* went out the window. It was like dangling a steak to a starving dog or offering another hit to an addict: giving into desire was as easy as breathing.

“Look at me,” Dream insisted. He braced himself with one arm and grabbed his dick with the other after scrambling to put on a condom and perhaps too much lube. George blinked slowly at him, eyelids heavy with the lust that was written across his face in boldface font. “Want you to look me in the eyes.”

He pressed the head against George’s reddened hole, but that wasn’t the cause of George’s blush or his whine of Dream’s name. Something hot and possessive curled in Dream’s belly at the embarrassed blush on George’s face as he met Dream’s eye obediently—wanting to hide but doing as Dream asked.

It took a little pushing, but the head of Dream’s dick finally slipped into the tight ring of muscle. They gasped in unison. George’s brow furrowed but he held eye contact with Dream like he’d been asked. Dream pressed all the way in slowly, taking deep breaths to calm himself and distracting himself from the feeling by studying George’s face as he was filled.

His mouth fell open around soft, panting moans, his warm eyes looking on the verge of rolling back into his head. Dream stared at George's open mouth as he felt him fluttering around him, gradually getting used to the feeling of being full. He got the sudden urge to spit in George's open mouth (and nearly did) but he held himself back out of fear of George not liking it. They'd discuss it later. Dream would make sure of that.

"Oh, ffff—god," George gasped, a teasing grin tugging at the corner of his lips. Dammit, Dream should have spit in his mouth, just to take him down a peg. Dream flexed his hips in retaliation, not even a thrust, but George arched at it anyway. "Oh, wow. You feel so... so good, Dream. Oh my god. Give me a minute."

Dream smiled. Now that he was all the way in George, he braced both hands on the bed to either side of George's head and leaned down to kiss him. "Aww," he cooed after a couple seconds. "Am I too big for you, baby? Need to get used to it?"

George huffed, scratching Dream's scalp with his fingernails and nearly making his eyes roll back. "Yes, but mainly you just feel too good. Don't want this to be over so soon."

"You're close already?" Dream pulled back to meet his eye again. His pupils were blown wide, brown irises nearly swallowed by black.

Color rose to his cheeks again. "Shut up. I've been waiting for this for so long. And you're the one who decided to finger me and rub me down for like half an hour before this."

"Like you didn't beg for it."

"Yeah, well." George rolled his eyes indelicately, apparently conceding. He rocked his hips slowly, taking in the feeling of Dream inside him. Dream held back a moan at the older man's tight hole flexing around him as he moved. "I think—I think I'm good now, if you want to..."

Dream only nodded, too keyed up to tease anymore.

He pulled out slowly, letting himself—and George—feel every inch of his cock dragging out. He stopped when the tip caught at George's rim, the muscles puckering to keep him in. George's hand tightened in Dream's hair, keeping him close. Dream made sure he kept eye contact as he slid all the way back in.

George's eyes fluttered briefly, a moan slipping past bitten-red lips, before he forced them open, looking at Dream like he was told. Dream watched every little emotion flit behind those dark, enchanting eyes: lust, discomfort, contentment, impatience, desperation. George was an open book most of the time, but this close, with his eyes piercing into Dream's soul while Dream pierced into... other parts of George... it was hard *not* to see every thought that crossed his mind.

Dream set a slow, dragging pace, letting George feel every inch of him on both the intake and outward pull. George's mouth fell open, and soft, genuine sounds slipped out of him. Gasps and grunts every time Dream thrust in, whimpers and moans when he pulled out. There was none of the show or artistry he often had during his cam shows—this was pure, *real* pleasure.

Dream's head spun at the revelation.

He thrust faster, stealing George's breath as he shifted them around so George's legs were locked around Dream's waist, letting him get leverage and pull himself into each thrust. Dream sat up a bit to accommodate him, gripping George's soft thighs almost hard enough to bruise.

He could see George better now: his stomach flexing with every roll of his hips, hands grappling for purchase on Dream's arms, face red and beginning to sweat, his cock bouncing against his belly with every thrust, untouched but dripping.

One or both of them shifted, changing their angle slightly, and George gasped, back arching into an uncomfortable-looking curve. He went silent, body shaking as his hands fell from Dream's arms to clutch the blankets beneath him.

Dream figured out what was up quickly; as he kept his pace and angle, he saw George's dick twitch, precum leaking out the tip in rhythm with his thrusts. Dream chuckled. "Is that it, baby?"

George fell back to the bed, letting Dream see his face again. "Yes, yes," he said, breathless. "There, more, please."

Dream laughed again but squeezed George's thighs, keeping his pace and position steady as George fell apart. The brunet's noises rose in pitch, his breath squeaking out of him every time Dream's dick nudged that spot inside him. The flush on his face spread from his face to his chest, down to where his own cock bobbed helplessly against his tummy.

Dream had so many plans for George going into this, but *this* was all he needed right now: George,

coming apart under him. They didn't need toys or restraints or a power imbalance. All they needed was each other.

George yelped at a harsh trust, reaching down to grab Dream's leg. "'m close," he mumbled, his speech slurred and choppy as Dream jostled him with every movement.

Dream huffed, something between a sigh of relief and a bitten-off moan. "Me too, love."

A small noise escaped George, desperate and innocent. "With me, Dream," he pled. "Please."

"Guh," Dream grunted. He dug his fingers into one of George's thighs, keeping him steady while the other finally took hold of his neglected dick, stroking it with the help of the abundant precum spilling across his fingers.

George sobbed, arching again at the stimulation. He was trembling—Dream could feel the tremors in his legs where they were wrapped around him. He was panting so hard Dream was worried he wasn't able to get the air he needed. If it wasn't for the rapturous expression on his face, Dream would have thought he was suffering.

"Dream, Dream!" George's eyes were fluttering, struggling to stay open as he neared the edge. His dick was twitching and throbbing in Dream's hand, responding enthusiastically to Dream's sloppy, out-of-practice handjob. George didn't seem to care, thrusting up into it in cadence with the rhythm of Dream's hips.

"C'mon, baby," Dream growled, gritting his teeth to keep from letting go before George.

"Ah, ah, ah, ah." The breath was forced from George's lungs with every thrust. He squirmed in place, not trying to run away but trying to find a way to cope with the sensations Dream was inflicting on him. His muscles flexed, clenching down on Dream over and over.

Dream slid his thumb over the head of George's cock and he gasped, a shudder rippling through him as hot, pearly cum started trickling out of him and across Dream's knuckles.

Dream finally let himself go, moaning loudly as George clenched around him, somehow even tighter. He watched George's face—eyes finally closed, brows furrowed, mouth hinged open on unending moans as he spilled into Dream's hand and across his own stomach. Dream dropped

down onto him, unable to hold himself up as he finally came.

He panted into George's sweaty neck, feeling the older man's arms wrap around him and pull him closer.

He finally dragged his hand out from between them, not caring that it was covered in George's cum as he wrapped his arms around him, still gently rocking his hips to milk the last of both their orgasms.

George was whimpering tiredly, soft, kittenish noises Dream had never heard from him. He went to pull back, to make sure he was alright, but George's arms around him tightened threateningly. "Don' move," he slurred. He rubbed his face into Dream's shoulder. "Stay."

Dream hummed, dropping more of his weight onto him. George's legs unlocked from around his waist, dropping to the bed limply.

They lay there for a few moments, basking in the afterglow and sharing body heat and breaths between them. Finally Dream pulled back, extricating himself from George's grasp even as the brunet protested.

"I'm not going far," Dream said. His voice was wrecked, and he desperately needed a glass of water. He was sticky, too—cum had smeared across his chest and George's, and his hand was still slick with it. There was lube starting to dry between them, and the condom was starting to chafe as he softened inside George.

George pouted, a cloud of fluffy brown hair haloing around him on the blankets. He was ruffled like a sleepy kitten roused from a nap too soon, and Dream couldn't help but smile at him, ducking down to kiss the tip of his nose.

"I'll only be gone a minute. I'm gonna get something to clean us up with."

George conceded. Dream held the condom at the base and slipped from George's sensitive hole, both of them hissing at the sensation. Quickly, Dream scrambled off the bed and into the bathroom, the ever-awkward post-sex hobble to get rid of the condom. He tied it off and threw it in the trash before washing his hands and wetting a washcloth with warm water. He wiped himself off briefly, then re-wet the cloth and went back to the bedroom.

George had melted into the bed. His eyes were closed, limbs limp on the bed, doing his best—unintentional—impression of a corpse.

Dream snorted as he joined the older man on the bed.

George blinked his eyes open. “What’s so funny?”

Dream shrugged, wiping the cum from George’s stomach before nudging his legs open to clean up the lube as well. “Nothing. You’re just cute.”

The blush, which had receded briefly in the afterglow, returned full force. “Shut up.” He kicked Dream softly in the side of the head, making him chuckle and press a kiss to George’s knee.

Once they were relatively clean and free of fluids, Dream threw the cloth aside to be dealt with later. “Up,” he told George, ushering him to the head of the bed.

George wiggled his way to the headboard, helping Dream peel back the covers for them to crawl beneath. “Are we going to bed already?” George asked. “It’s barely even dinnertime, and we haven’t eaten yet.”

Dream pulled George closer, smiling when he went without complaint. George curled up against his chest, letting him hold him close and settle the blankets over them. “I wouldn’t say no to a nap,” Dream said. “But we should eat, yeah.”

George hummed in agreement, letting his head rest on Dream’s bare chest.

Reality fell over Dream in the silence that followed.

He’d had sex with George.

George, Mr. Not Found, his favorite camboy.

George, his friend-slash-sugar baby.

George, the most wonderful, funny, sexy, alluring person he'd ever met.

Panic rose in Dream's chest. Had it been alright? Did George enjoy himself? Was it enough to convince him to keep Dream around, let him fuck him and buy him pretty things until someone better came along? Someone who hadn't been creeping on him on the internet for three years?

"You're thinking too loud."

Dream looked down at George, though all he could see was the top of his head. "What's that?"

George turned to look at him, resting his arms on Dream's chest. "I said you're thinking too loud."

Dream blushed. "I am not."

"You are." George raised a hand and traced the bridge of Dream's nose with a finger. "I could hear your heart starting to beat faster, and I'm assuming it wasn't because of my very sexy, very hot ass next to you."

"No, it was definitely that second one."

George giggled, hiding his face against Dream's chest for a moment before he looked back up at him. Dream's traitorous heart lurched in his chest. "Hey," George said soberly. "Don't worry about it. That was amazing, Dream."

"Yeah?" Dream didn't like how unsure he sounded.

"Yeah." George pressed a kiss to Dream's chest, right on top of his heart. "I loved it. It was perfect. You're perfect."

"Aww, stop," Dream hem-hawed. "You're making me blush."

George laughed again, accompanied by an eye roll this time. “Well, it was a bit shorter than I would’ve liked, but that was my fault as much as it was yours.”

“Hey! I did my best!”

“You certainly did,” George purred. “Your efforts were much appreciated.”

“I don’t like how eloquent you get after sex.”

“What, is intellectual pillow talk too much for you?”

Dream snorted. “You’re too much for me.”

Dream didn’t miss the way George tensed at that, but the older man laughed it off, so he didn’t think too much on it.

After a short but much-needed nap, Dream pulled George from the bed and forced him to take another shower, despite his protests.

“Dream, you literally just made me take a shower.”

“Yes, then I made you cum all over both of us, so go scrub off.”

“Won’t you join me?”

“Not if you plan on eating at all tonight.”

“Fine. But you owe me.”

Dream heated up the leftover crepes again, getting drinks for both of them.

George emerged from the shower a few minutes later, his hair still dry and a towel once again wrapped around his waist. He joined Dream in the kitchen, where Dream hooked him into a kiss.

George hummed, pulling back from Dream's lips. "I could get used to this."

"Used to what?" Dream pushed a plate of strawberry crepes toward him, remembering how much he preferred the sweet ones.

"You, in my kitchen," George said, happily accepting the crepes and smothering them in chocolate sauce. "Wearing my clothes."

Clothes was a bit too generous a term. Dream, unable to find where he'd thrown his own boxers, had stolen a pair of George's on his way to the kitchen. They were a size too small for him, so the elastic bit into his hips and he had to keep adjusting to make sure nothing important fell out. He could've put real clothes on, but he couldn't be bothered.

"Well, if our earlier activities met your standards and I haven't fallen out of your good graces, you *can* get used to it."

"Definitely up to my standards." George speared a strawberry on his fork and dragged it through chocolate sauce distractedly. "Even before the sex, you had my seal of approval."

Dream smirked. "Good to hear."

"I mean," George said through a mouthful of food. "Crepes, building furniture, gifts. I'd take that from anyone, but the fact that it's you makes it special."

Dream felt his cheeks heat. "Well," he said. "I'm glad it's you, too."

George smiled and kicked Dream gently under the counter. "So, what now?"

“What, were you expecting a full itinerary?”

“Of course,” George said, serious as a heart attack.

Dream rolled his eyes. “Sure, princess. Let me roll out the red carpet. I think I have some \$1,200 wine and some caviar around here somewhere.”

“I expect nothing less.”

“We can do whatever you want,” Dream said. “You’ve only seen the airport and this apartment, so I’d like to take you for a spin around town when you’re up for it. I know you’re probably still recovering from travel. Me being here certainly isn’t helping that.”

“You being here is the best thing for me right now.” George took another bite of his crepes, unaware of the way Dream’s pulse skyrocketed at the casual way he said that. “As much as I just want to go to sleep, I know I need to get my body adjusted to this time zone. You’re very good at keeping me awake.”

“Noted.” Dream finished his own crepes and pushed his plate away. “We can spend a few days here, get you rested up and fix your sleep schedule, then when you’re ready, I can wine and dine you.”

George smiled. “Sounds great. Anywhere special you have in mind?”

Dream shrugged. “There’s a couple nice restaurants downtown. I can show you their menus and let you pick. Then we can go for a walk down by the river.”

“A walk?” George just stared at him, clearly unimpressed. “Dream, it’s December. It’s like... very cold out there.”

“Don’t be a baby.” Dream rolled his eyes fondly. “I’ll buy you a nice winter coat so you don’t freeze to death, and I’ll hold your hands so they don’t get cold.”

George looked up at him through his lashes. “Promise?”

“Promise.”

“Good.” George licked chocolate sauce from his fork and pushed his own plate away. “The only plans I have are with my mum the week of Christmas, so we have a bit. And my friends want to have me over for dinner sometime soon, but we haven’t made plans yet.”

Dream took their plates and put them in the sink before going back over to George and wrapping his arms around his bare waist. “Tell them I have dibs.”

George giggled, arms coming up around Dream’s shoulders. “Fine. They already know about you, by the way. I dunno if I told you that already.”

Dream blinked at him. “What did you tell them?”

George shrugged. “Just that I met someone, and they shouldn’t expect a monopoly on my time.”

“Good,” Dream said. He cleared his throat softly, liking the way those words stroked his ego a little *too* much. “Glad they know where they stand on your list of priorities.”

“Oh yeah,” George teased. His fingers slid up to tangle in Dream’s hair, scratching his scalp the way Dream liked. He hummed and pushed back into the feeling, encouraging George to keep doing it. “They’re great, but none of them get me hard like you do.”

“Is that you speaking from experience, or just speculation?”

A delicate dark eyebrow rose. “Do you want me to say I’ve messed around with my friends?”

Dream frowned. “No.” He definitely didn’t. “*Have* you?”

“No, Dream, I haven’t.”

“Good. I don’t want you to.”

“Why?” George tugged at his hair softly, a cocky little smile on his lips. “You want me all to yourself?”

“Obviously.”

“Well good.” George stretched up to kiss Dream, not caring that they both just ate and tasted of crepes. He pulled back after a second, keeping it chaste—for now. “Because I don’t want you messing around with anyone else either.”

Dream kissed him back to keep himself from saying something stupid. “You have me,” he said instead, the much safer version of what he really wanted to say. “You don’t have to worry about anyone else.” *I’m yours.*

George grinned, bright and eager even with the exhaustion Dream saw building in his eyes. George kissed him again, holding Dream’s chin to keep him in place as he slipped his tongue past Dream’s lips. “When do you have class?”

“I’m out until the new year.”

“Perfect.”

“Why?” Dream pulled back to look at him, see how his cheeks had pinkened and his pupils had dilated. “Do you have plans for me?”

“Yes.” George tipped his head until his lips brushed Dream’s, just barely enough contact to make Dream shiver. “And most of them involve you going back into the bedroom and not leaving for several days.”

Dream swallowed, mouth suddenly very dry. “We’ll have to—have to leave to get food at some point. And you need... furniture.”

“We’ve got plenty of time to figure all that out. Now, if my calculations are correct...” George pulled back to glance at the clock on the microwave. Dream didn’t bother to turn, too busy staring at George’s lips. “We still have a few hours until it’s a reasonable time to go to bed. So...” He looked back at Dream, catching him staring. He smiled and batted his eyelashes. “Care to help me find ways to stay awake until then?”

Foregoing any smartass remarks, Dream just grabbed George around the waist and hauled him up into his arms. George yelped, his towel getting caught somewhere in the process and falling to the ground, leaving him naked and Dream in those too-small boxers. George giggled, clinging to Dream’s neck as he whisked them away into the bedroom.

As promised, they didn’t come back out for a very long time.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry for the sex scene being so brief. Twitter knows how much I struggled to write it.

There will be more smut soon, I promise. :)

We're gearing up for the holidays IRL, and our boys are about to celebrate the holidays... what a coincidence!

Twitter: @kayte_overmoon

TikTok: @kayte_overmoon

Tumblr: <https://kayte-overmoon.tumblr.com/>

Chapter 9

Chapter Summary

Dream wasn't sure which of them was more fucked up: Dream for getting off on bullying this pretty British man, or George for liking it.

Chapter Notes

heeeeeyyy.

let's pretend I didn't just reappear after an impromptu 5-month hiatus and focus on this: Slow Cherry is only one chapter away from completion.

I've spoken on [my Twitter](#) about this, but there will be more Slow Cherry-verse in the future! I plan on writing another multi-chapter companion fic sometime in the future that takes place after chapter ten.

Thank you all so much for your love and support I'm overwhelmed by how kind you all have been. I hope this is worth the wait.

Note: I took liberties with the boys' families. I don't claim to know anything about their families IRL.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Dream was giddy.

He felt silly for being so excited, but he couldn't help it.

Could you blame him, though? He had the most gorgeous man he'd ever met on his lap, already panting as he lowered himself down onto Dream's dick.

He and George had only left George's apartment a couple times in the three days they had both been on the same continent, and even those few times were brief, letting them get food and allowing Dream to stop by his apartment to get a few things. Aside from that, they'd been almost exclusively in George's new place, moving things around and ordering decorations online between bouts of fucking and cuddling.

It was bliss.

Dream tried really, really hard not to think about it coming to an end.

George's mom would be there that weekend for the holidays, then Karl and Sapnap were leaving to go to their (definitely *not* romantic) getaway in the mountains a few days before Christmas. Dream would be alone. Again.

But he certainly wasn't alone now. Jesus *fuck*, he was not alone.

George huffed above him, his face scrunched up in pleasure as he finally settled on Dream's hips. His hands shook where he braced himself on Dream's chest. A little smear of precum graced Dream's stomach where George's dick sat, untouched so far, reddened from arousal and heavy use over the past few days.

"Yeah?" Dream purred, stroking George's thigh with feather-light fingers. "That feel good, princess?"

"Mmhhh." George blinked slowly, eyes eventually slipping shut on a shiver. The muscles in his legs worked as he grinded back on Dream's cock, pulling him as deep as he could go—which, in this position, was pretty damn far. George squeaked softly mid-grind, his hips quirking to press against his prostate, which he'd apparently found with ease.

Dream tightened his grip on the camboy's hips, feeling him clench around him softly. "So fucking tight for me. Even after, what, twelve times in the past couple days?"

George snorted, head lolling on his shoulders as he opened his eyes to look at Dream through his lashes. "At least." He clenched tighter, just to be a bitch, apparently. His smirk when Dream hissed and dug his fingers into the bruises already on George's hips only confirmed that. "And that doesn't count all the times you sucked me off."

For some unknown reason, *that* made Dream blush. He'd discovered his love for giving the older man head on their second day together, after they'd finally sat down and had their boundaries talk. After getting the greenlight on everything, Dream had tied George to the bed and edged him with his mouth until tears spilled over his flushed cheeks. It only took a few quick, dry strokes to make Dream cum after that, worked up as he was from reducing the older man to a teary mess. That had seen a few repeat performances in the days since.

George leaned forward a bit to tap Dream's bright-red nose, his back curving into a truly unfair arch. He smirked down at Dream, looking far too pleased with himself for a man with almost eight inches of cock inside him. "You're so fucking cute, Dream. So, what? I can ride your dick, no problem, but I talk about how you couldn't keep your mouth off me and *that's* what makes you blush?"

He started to laugh but Dream cut it off by shoving two of his fingers in George's mouth. George grunted unhappily, but the sudden widening of his pupils told Dream that's exactly what he'd been gunning for.

"What did we say about your language, baby?" Dream hissed.

He didn't remove his fingers, so George tried to respond but only gurgled around his fingers, drool leaking down his chin and pooling in Dream's palm.

"That's right," Dream said, as though George had given a proper response. "When we're in the bedroom, I make the rules. And one of my rules is that you don't get to swear." He tipped his head, squinting at the brunet. "What made you think you could break my rules?"

George blinked slowly, pink blotting his cheeks. He didn't try to respond this time, only whining softly and flicking his tongue against Dream's fingers.

Dream snorted and pushed his fingers deeper, appreciating that George stayed in place even as he began to fight his gag reflex. "Thought I'd taught you better than that." He pulled his fingers out with a scoff, trying to ignore how his dick throbbed when George panted and licked his lips to get rid of the spit smeared across them. The blond sighed, feigning nonchalance. "Guess I'll just have

to teach you again.”

George watched eagerly as Dream stretched over to the nightstand, wrenched open the drawer, and pulled out something he’d grabbed on his trip home. George frowned. “What’s that?”

“This?” Dream held it up: a clear silicone sleeve about five inches long. George’s breath caught as he processed what it was, tightening that much more around where he still sat in Dream’s lap. “It’s a stroker. Have you ever used one before?”

George shook his head, gaze fixed on the simple little toy.

“That’s surprising,” Dream said, turning the toy this way and that in a show of indifference.

“Considering how long you’ve been showing off for strange men on the internet, letting them buy you toys to fuck yourself silly with.”

“They’re not usually interested in my…” Dark eyes flicked to Dream’s face as he realized his predicament: every word he could use to describe his dick was either a swear or sounded juvenile. He frowned even as Dream’s smirk grew, but he pushed on. “They’re usually interested in seeing things fill me up instead.”

“It’s a shame. You’re so pretty when someone’s playing with this perfect little dick.” Dream lifted said dick (not actually *little*, but George loved a bit of degradation with his praise) from where it sat inert on his tummy, giving it a slow, dry stroke. A shudder worked its way through George’s body. Dream pursed his lips, considering. “I know how much you loved my mouth. I wonder how loud I could make you scream if I touched you with this while I fuck you.”

He set the tip of George’s dick—leaking slowly but not nearly wet enough to ease the way—against the opening of the tight little toy.

George’s hand flew down to catch his wrist. “W-wait!” he yelped. He was blinking at Dream in amazement, a mix of arousal and fear on his face. “Dry?”

Dream frowned at him. “What, you think you deserve lube for disobeying me? This isn’t a reward, George.”

The brunet bit his lip, gaze dropping. Dream could feel him trembling everywhere their bodies met. His cock was even twitching more in the blond’s hand; god, he *loved* this. “Well, n-no, but—”

“But what?”

“It’ll hurt, sir,” he said. Wide brown eyes raised again to peek at Dream, glimmering with lust and that delicious glint of fear.

“And? I spanked you so hard yesterday, you came all over my leg.”

George’s blush deepened. “Y-yeah, but…” He shifted, gasping a little when the motion tugged at the cock still inside him. “I’m really sensitive from the past couple days. Could you just…”

When he trailed off, Dream prodded, “Can I what, princess?”

“Can I please have lube, sir? Please?”

Dream was never planning on actually doing it without lube, but he was glad he’d threatened it. George trembled so nicely when Dream was mean to him. Dream wasn’t sure which of them was more fucked up: Dream for getting off on bullying this pretty British man, or George for liking it.

Dream scoffed like it was some major inconvenience to him and held up the opening of the toy to George's mouth. The brunet just blinked at him. "Spit," Dream ordered.

George gasped. "But sir, that's not—"

Dream dug his fingernails into George's hip, the skin denting under his grip. George winced and wiggled to escape the pain, but speared on the blond's dick as he was, he didn't make it very far. "Spit, or you get nothing."

With a poorly concealed whine, George did, spitting a big glob into the toy, using his tongue to push it in. Dream made sure the actual lube was within reach—spit dried much too quickly, and he didn't *really* want to rub George's poor dick raw.

Not today, at least.

Dream sealed the opening over George's dick again, rubbing it around and pressing just hard enough to feel the silicone give way. George yelped, his stomach going concave as he winced away from the still-too-dry slide.

"Sir! Sir, please I can't, I can't, I *can't*—"

"Awww, poor baby," Dream cooed, twisting the toy around the head of the brunet's cock until it slipped in with a *pop*. George cried out, his back going ramrod straight and his eyes rolling back to the whites. "Does it feel too good? You feel all those bumps and ridges in there? They're built for your pleasure." It wasn't a lie, but if George was as sensitive as he said he was—three straight days of marathon sex would do that to a man—it had to be hell. Dream himself was sensitive, but he hadn't been edged and overstimmed nearly to the point of passing out. And with so little lubrication, it had to be rough. Seeing how overwhelmed George was at the combined pain and pleasure made something dark and hot curl up at the base of Dream's spine.

George just whimpered, biting his lip and trying to keep his hips still. He was fluttering around Dream, clenching and relaxing so frequently it almost felt like he was cumming already.

Dream sighed, put-upon, and pulled the toy off George, ignoring the sweet little "*hah!*" he made as it came loose. He relaxed immediately. "Thank you, sir," he slurred, eyes drooping. He took a few steady breaths, clearly worked up.

"You're welcome, princess." Dream patted his thigh placatingly then squirted lube into both ends of the toy—perhaps too much lube, since it dribbled out immediately. George wouldn't be complaining. Dream placed the stroker right in front of George's dick, barely brushing the tip. "Alright, baby. Come here. Push in for me."

George did eagerly—despite his earlier protests. But when he leaned up to ease himself into the toy, Dream's dick slid nearly all the way out. George gasped, tightening down like that would keep Dream inside. When he found he couldn't have the stroker *and* Dream's cock, he whined.

The blond smirked; the cat that got the canary. "What is it, love?"

"Dream," the older man panted. Frustration was drawn across his face in bold lines, marring his otherwise sweet expression of pleasure.

"Okay, fine, fine," Dream conceded. "I'll stop teasing. Here."

He inched the toy closer, closing George's dick inside. Brown eyes rolled back, a pale throat bobbing as the brunet swallowed. His body was an exposed wire, twitching with energy waiting to

be released. God, he was pretty.

“Now,” Dream continued conversationally, as if it wasn’t taking every ounce of his self control to keep from flipping them over and really giving the older man something to whine about. “This is still a punishment, so here’s how this is going to work—hey, look at me.” George’s eyes refocused on him, though he looked a bit hazy. “Much better. Now, you’re going to ride me as well as you can, and if you want to feel good, you’ve gotta fuck this toy, alright? Otherwise, I’ll just use you until I’m done and leave you lying here, all stretched open with your little cock all leaky and desperate. You don’t want that, do you?” The older man shook his head frantically. “Didn’t think so. Do you think you can do all that for me, baby? What’s your color?”

“Green.” George rolled his hips once, testing the waters. Back, and he lowered himself onto Dream’s dick; forth, and he pushed his own through the tight channel of the stroker, feeling every little ridge and nub rub against him. His breath escaped him in a rush. “Can I start? Please?”

“Yeah, princess, you can start.”

George sighed. “Thank you, sir.”

His hands found their way to Dream’s stomach again, bracing himself as he lifted up off of Dream, into the toy, then back down and out. His head fell back, a desperate moan drifting out into the air between them.

“Yeah?” Dream asked, a little breathless. He held the stroker steady with one hand, the other trailing feather-light fingers up to the other man’s ribs. George shuddered at the tickle, and Dream smirked.

“Yes,” George breathed. “Holy—guh.” His brows furrowed, mouth dropping open as he let himself speed up. “Oh my god. Wow.”

Dream laughed, patting his side gently. “I know, baby. See what you’ve been missing out on?”

“It’s so much different than a hand,” George said, looking down at his dick wrapped in clear silicone. The material blurred it a bit, but they could both see the dark red of his cock as he thrust in and out, the head poking out the far end every couple thrusts. “It’s not even—doesn’t even really feel like I’m inside someone. It’s just...”

Another chuckle left Dream. “I know, sweetheart. Feels good, doesn’t it?”

“So good. Oh my god.”

George sped up, the sound of their skin slapping together getting louder. Dream wanted to thrust up, speed George up even more—he’d been waiting for as long as it took to prep the older man, get a condom on, find the lube, and get into position. But for the sake of George’s rhythm, he let him be.

That was a good call.

A few minutes later, when most people would be getting tired, George let out a bitten-off moan and tipped backwards, bracing his hands on Dream’s knees as he bucked his hips in a perfect, smooth motion. Fucking himself and the toy in one easy motion over and over and over again. He’d arched back enough that Dream could no longer see his face, but god, he wasn’t even sure he would be able to look him in the eye with his hips moving like that. He’d seen him ride toy after toy on stream, which was a borderline religious experience in itself, but it was nothing like having the real thing up close and personal.

He'd seen George in action the past couple days, and honestly it was no wonder the kid went into sex work. He was built for it. Not only was he pretty and charming and up for anything, he was also constantly ready to go, able to lose himself in his own pleasure without forgetting about his partner's. And *goddamn* he moved his hips like he was the newest incarnation of Eros himself.

Not for the first time, Dream wondered how the hell he'd gotten so lucky.

"Look at you," Dream cooed. He could feel himself getting close, his hips twitching and gut clenching in anticipation. "So desperate for me, and I'm not even doing anything."

George's hands clenched around Dream's thighs as he whined out the blond's name softly. White was pooling at the tip of the toy—a mix of lube and George's precum as he got closer and closer. It was hypnotizing to watch him fuck it back inside. Dream made a note to get George to fuck him sometime soon. See if he was as good at that as he was at bottoming.

He probably was. Talented bastard.

"Already so close to cumming in your toy," Dream said. "And I haven't even lifted a finger. Such a fucking cockslut, aren't you? Hmm? Are you my little whore, baby boy?"

George gasped, his belly clenching tight as he sped up that much faster, nearly frantic now.

"Dream! Dream!" The noises he'd been making—soft exhalations of breath on each downward thrust—were getting louder, echoing around the undecorated walls of his bedroom.

"Say it," Dream sing-songed. "Tell me you're my little whore. Tell me how much you like my cock."

George let out an indignant little wail that made Dream laugh.

"Come on, whore. Tell me and I'll let you cum."

Another desperate noise wrenched out of George as he sat up. He grabbed Dream's wrists to steady himself as he continued his frantic pace, now upright. His hips swiveled perfectly, stroking Dream off inside him as precisely as if he'd been using a hand. It felt so fucking good. Dream was going to cum within the next minute if George didn't get his ass in gear.

Dream growled, wrenching his wrist free of George's grip and bringing his hand down hard on George's ass.

The older man yelped at the slap, his eyes shooting wide open as his rhythm fell to bits. "Dream!" he groaned in complaint.

"Tell me!" Dream spanked him again. His hand stung at the impact; he couldn't imagine how it felt for George.

"Please!" George cried out. His perfect motions now stuttered and jerked, getting too sensitive to keep his steady pace as he neared orgasm. "Please, sir! I'm your good little whore. Your pretty slut." He shifted again, his eyes rolling back as he apparently started hammering Dream's cock right up against his sweet spot. "Your—*ah!* Your cumdump. I'm your toy! Please use me sir, please let me cum!"

"That's my good boy," Dream grunted. He started stroking George with the toy, taking over for him. George cried out his thanks, his thighs drawing in, nearly kneeling Dream in the ribs. "Such a good little slut for me. You wanna cum?"

“Please! Please!”

Dream was already tipping over the edge at the way George’s voice broke over his words. “Cum for me, princess.”

George sobbed, slamming himself down on Dream’s pulsating cock as he started spurting into the toy. Dream had enough presence of mind even as he came into the condom to keep moving his hand, stroking George through his orgasm as he cried from the force of it.

Dream’s brain went fuzzy for a moment with the weight of his release. You’d think the orgasms would get weaker after three days of perfectly kinky sex, but they only got better the more sensitive and worn out they both got. He shut his eyes for a moment, breathing through the contracting of George around him. He opened them again when George frantically peeled his fingers off the stroker, wrenching it from his grasp and pulling it off his softening cock.

George was crying as he did, watching the toy start dripping his cum down onto Dream’s chest. Neither of them could be arsed to care about the mess at the moment.

Dream caught the brunet when he collapsed on top of him; he was expecting it. He always went boneless after sex, especially when Dream dommed him like that. George burrowed into his arms, breath hitching with the remainder of his sobs. Even as their closeness pressed George’s dick against Dream’s chest and ground Dream’s dick even deeper, they clutched each other desperately.

“You’re so good, pumpkin. So good for me.” *Pumpkin?* Dream thought to himself, regretting the word as soon as it was out. *What the fuck?* “Deep breaths, George. You did so well. You’re so perfect, sweetheart.”

George whimpered, tucking his head under Dream’s chin as he caught his breath. Dream felt his chest getting wet with George’s tears and stroked up and down the brunet’s shaking back.

“Want me to pull out, sweetheart?” It wasn’t a wholly altruistic question; he was softening quickly and the condom was nearly chafing. But he knew George often wanted to stay full even after he came. George’s comfort always came before his own.

George made a little noise in the back of his throat, nuzzling against Dream as he thought. It took him a few moments, but he finally nodded and said, softer than a whisper, “Yeah. Please.”

“Okay. Hold on.” Dream grabbed George’s hips as gently as he could. With a lift of the older man’s hips and a flex of his own, he slipped out, both of them gasping at the sensation. He quickly pulled off the condom and threw it on top of the towel they’d set at the edge of the bed for cleanup. George relaxed back on top of him, straightening his legs so he was laying perfectly parallel on top of the blond. Dream laughed under his breath. “*Whooo*. Wow. Okay. I think that’s enough sex for now.”

George snorted softly, tipping his chin to kiss the bottom of Dream’s jaw. “Yeah, I’d say so. I think my dick’s gonna fall off if you touch it again in the next week.”

Dream hoped he was kidding, at least a little. “Are you alright? Was that all okay?”

The older man hummed, long and soft. “Yeah. Yeah, it was all perfect. Thank you.”

“No, thank *you*.” Dream hid his smile against the fluffy dark hair tickling his nose. He wrapped his arms around George’s shoulders again, holding him as tightly as he dared. He hoped George would hear the pounding of his heart and attribute it to their earlier activities instead of the tightening in his chest every time the older man bestowed such easy affection on him. He swallowed down the

butterflies in his stomach and asked, “Anything in particular you want to do today?”

It was barely the afternoon. They had a few more days of peace before George’s mom arrived, the same day Karl and Sapnap were leaving for their definitely *not* romantic cabin getaway. Then Dream would be alone until after Christmas, when his friends returned and George’s mom left. Needless to say, he was relishing his time spent locked away in the older man’s apartment.

George hummed again, tipping himself over so he and Dream lay on their sides. “You still haven’t taken me out,” he said, his voice utterly wrecked. “I was promised the finest wine and food money can buy.”

“Okay, not the *finest*, alright?” Dream chuckled. “I’m not *that* rich. But you’re right. I said I would treat you. So, how about we break in some of those new clothes I bought you. I’ll take you to dinner. We can go for a walk by the river. The city has all these fancy Christmas decorations they put out every year along the riverwalk. I haven’t been in a few years, but my family would go at least a couple times a year.”

George wrestled a pillow under his head, trapping Dream’s arm beneath it. He didn’t mind. “That sounds nice. I’m glad you’re close with your family.” He was smiling, but there was a tension in the corners of his eyes that told Dream there was something more to what he was saying.

“Are you close with your family?”

That tension spread, but George didn’t close himself off like Dream had feared. Instead, he took a breath, skimming feather-light fingers up Dream’s bare side (a shudder worked its way through Dream’s whole body from that gentle point of contact) and he shook his head. “Yes and no,” George said. “It’s complicated.”

Dream snorted in agreement.

George smiled softly. “I’m glad you relate. Mainly I just talk to my mum these days. My dad kind of stopped talking to us after they divorced. He remarried, so I have a couple step-siblings, but they’re a lot older than me so we’ve never been close.”

“No other siblings?”

“Nope, just me.” George’s mouth twitched into a sad smile. “Maybe it’s for the best. I’m not the best at sharing.”

“Neither am I. Which is probably why I didn’t have a good relationship with any of my siblings until I moved out.”

“How many do you have?” George nestled ever closer. Dream tried to smell him as covertly as he could without being creepy. His fruit-and-citrus scent had wormed its way into the top of Dream’s list of favorite smells, and there was something... comforting about having him close enough to smell the sweat and satisfaction on his skin.

“Three,” Dream said after a breath. “Two sisters, one older and one younger, and a younger brother.”

“And your parents?”

“They’re still around,” Dream said. “Still married. It was touch and go for a bit when I was in high school, but they worked things out, I guess.”

“And they took you and your siblings to see the lights? Every year?”

“Yeah, even when they were fighting and the whole family pretty much hated each other.” It wasn’t a happy memory, but Dream smiled nonetheless. “When I was, like, a junior or something, we went, and it was completely silent the whole drive there. Dad was being a dick and mom was giving him the silent treatment, and me and my sisters were fighting over... god, I don’t even remember at this point. Something stupid, I’m sure. But we get there, and it’s fucking freezing out. Like maybe 10 degrees. Fahrenheit, of course.”

George snorted. “I figured, yeah.”

“My younger sister convinced our dad to buy us all hot chocolate, as was tradition. And we get *maybe* fifty feet away from the hot chocolate stand, and my brother spills his *entire* cup down the front of his brand-new khaki pants. God, I thought Mom was going to skin him alive.” Dream laughed, knocking his head back against the pillows. “Then somehow it was just like it always was. Mom and Dad finally made up, and my older sister got married, then I went off to college...”

“And here we are.”

Dream turned his head to look down at the brunet curled up against him. “Here we are.”

A breath stretched between them as they held each other’s gaze. George’s eyes were heavy-lidded and dark—this close, Dream didn’t have to strain to see the lighter flecks of honey or deeper patches of mocha swirled into those captivating irises. There was something behind them, some feeling Dream couldn’t put a name to. He was moments away from leaning down to kiss George just to break the tension when the brunet took a breath and sat up so suddenly Dream shivered at the loss of his body heat.

“Where are you going?”

George stood up slowly, rolling his shoulders and taking it easy on his knees as he straightened. He winced, reaching down to rub absently at one of his hips as he looked around the room. “I want coffee,” he declared.

“We could Doordash something,” Dream suggested. He pulled himself to lean against the headboard, suddenly not knowing what to do with his hands as George slowly got dressed, leaving Dream the only naked one.

Pulling a shirt over his head, George said, “Nah. I want to go get some fresh air. I think a walk would be nice.”

“Okay,” Dream reached for his phone, moving to get up as well. “Let me go get dre—”

“No.”

Dream froze halfway off the bed.

George stood in the doorway, his shoulders fidgeting. He didn’t appear to be able to meet Dream’s eye. “No,” the older repeated, gentler this time. “Sorry. I think I... I think I need some time to myself, if that’s okay?”

“Yeah. Yeah of course.” Dream frowned, trying to catch George’s eye to no avail as he sat back down on the bed. “Do you want me to go? I can leave. Give you some space?”

“No, no. You can stay. I’ll be back soon.” Brown eyes flicked to green for only a moment, a half-

smile flashed in Dream's direction before George was scooping up his jacket off the hook by the door and leaving.

A few moments later, the sound of the front door closing echoed through the apartment.

Dream sat there for a solid five minutes, staring at the wall and the cartoonish George-shaped hole he imagined going through it. George couldn't have left quicker if Dream had picked him out and thrown him out the window himself.

Was it something he'd said? Had he divulged too much too soon? Should he not have talked about his family?

George's own mother was coming to visit that weekend, and every time Dream brought her up, the older changed the subject before Dream even realized it was happening. He'd never even thought to insinuate that he'd be meeting her. How would he approach that, anyway? *Mum, this is my sugar daddy, Dream. Sugar daddy, this is the woman who birthed me. You two get to know each other while I go get us some drinks, yeah?*

Dream would rather walk headlong into oncoming traffic.

Dream shook his head and got up. A shower would clear his head. Besides, he was covered in sweat and other substances he didn't really want lingering.

He was probably overthinking it. George had said before he was an introvert, and sometimes he lost all energy around people at the drop of a hat. He'd barely had a moment to himself since he landed in the US. Maybe he just needed some time to himself.

But, Deam was selfish. He knew the minute George's mom's plane touched down, he wouldn't see him for a week, so he needed to get as much time with him as possible. George wouldn't be streaming until the new year—Dream had finally convinced him to take some time off—so it wasn't like he would see him that way either.

So he was selfish *and* clingy. Great.

Maybe he should back off a little. Give George some time to get used to living in a new country on his own without some creepo sugar daddy invading his space. The last thing Dream wanted was to overstay his welcome and make George truly uncomfortable.

Dream finished his shower then cleaned the stroker that had been left on the bed, disposing of the condom and towel. He picked up the various clothing items and towels that had been strewn about the apartment in the past couple days and started a load in the in-unit laundry room. By the time the lock on the front door turned, Dream had swept the floors and wiped down all the flat surfaces in the apartment—he'd distracted himself nearly to the point of deep cleaning the grout.

George stopped short when he caught sight of him in the kitchen with a dish rag in one hand. The older man gave a tight-lipped smile, toeing off his shoes gently in an effort not to spill the little tray with the drinks.

Drinks, plural. There were two little plastic travel cups. George had brought him coffee. Dream relaxed a bit at the sight of it. Maybe he hadn't completely fucked it all up.

He stayed where he was as George crossed the living space to deliver their drinks. The older man set down the carrier on the counter between them: a peace offering.

Dream smiled carefully and plucked the one closest to him from the tray. A gentle sniff of the

vapors coming through the slit at the top of the cup confirmed that, to his surprise, George had remembered his coffee order. They'd gone out to a cafe for lunch the day before, but he hadn't expected George to remember his order.

George didn't return the smile, his eyes fixed on his own hands as he took his drink and tossed the carrier in the trash. He was frowning something fierce; Dream had never seen him that upset. His stomach sank again. *He'd* done that.

"George," he began softly. "I'm sorry about earlier. I might've overshared a bit. I didn't mean to make you uncomfortable."

"You didn't."

Dream waited for a moment, expecting an explanation to follow those two words. "Are you sure?" he pressed. "You seem... upset."

George scoffed into his coffee, the first outward sign of animosity.

Dream wasn't glad to see it, but at least a scoff was something he could work with. He didn't handle the silent treatment well. "George. Talk to me."

"Why?" George huffed. He was smirking, focused on his hands as he peeled back the lid of his travel mug, but there was no mirth in it. He looked pained, for lack of a better description. "You don't pay me to talk."

The coffee cup hit the countertop with a clatter that echoed through the apartment. George jumped at the sound, that smirk slipping. He still didn't look at Dream.

"What the hell, George?" Dream crossed his arms, trying to keep his voice down. He didn't want to yell, but—Jesus, where was this coming from?

George shrugged, trying very hard to appear unbothered as he took a careful sip of his coffee. "It's true, though. That's why you're here."

"I—Maybe at first?" Dream offered. George scoffed again as if Dream had just told him exactly what he'd known all along. "George, you—you have to know this is more than that, right? You're more than that to me."

"Be honest with me." George turned to him, setting down his coffee as well. His eyes flicked up to meet Dream's for only a moment before straying away again, but it was long enough for Dream to see the tears George was clearly trying to hold back. His voice shook as he spoke. "If I wasn't putting out, would you be here right now?"

"Would I—are you insane?" Dream rounded the counter to close the distance between them. George shrank back, tension drawn into every inch of his body. Dream raised his hands and backed off. "Sorry, I just—where is this coming from, all of a sudden? I thought we were... you know. Friends?"

God, that sounded so juvenile coming from his lips. He'd finally done it: he was the guy he said from the outset he wouldn't be. He'd pushed too many boundaries, crossed too many lines. The point of no return was fifty miles back and he was nearly out of gas.

The realization settled over him between one breath and the next.

He was losing George.

The thought broke his heart.

“George.” The name found its way out of him across the shattered remains of his broken heart. His fingers trembled as he reached out for the man who, although only inches from him, still felt like he was an ocean away. “I’m obsessed with you. In—in the least creepy way possible, I promise. I know I’m not supposed to be, that I should respect your profession and your boundaries, but God.” He gasped, and was mortified to find tears in his own eyes. “I—I really care for you. I just want you to be happy, George. With me or without me. I’m so sorry if I ever made you feel like anything less than that.”

The nervous energy that had been thrumming through George seemed to still at Dream’s confession. He stopped fiddling with the sleeve of his sweater and finally met Dream’s eye. “What?” he asked, voice barely above a whisper.

“I’m—I’m so sorry George. I didn’t mean for this to happen.” Dream turned away so George didn’t have to watch him wipe the tears beginning to spill over. “You’re just trying to live your life, you have so much going on, and here I am, forcing my affection on you like—”

A hand curled into Dream’s sleeve, pulling his hand from his face. “Dream, wait.”

George was next to him, gazing up into Dream’s face from only inches away. A tear finally slipped down his cheek but he made no move to wipe it even as Dream’s fingers itched to brush it away.

Dream took a breath. “I understand if you want me to leave—”

“No!” The grip on his arm tightened as George frowned even harder. “No, don’t go. I—are you being serious right now? Dream, you... you like me?”

Dream blinked at him, returning his frown. “Of course I like you, George. I thought I was pretty obvious.”

The brunet only stared at him for a long moment. A couple times, he opened his mouth like he was about to finally speak.

Then his face broke. His head dropped to his hands and his shoulders slumped, defeated.

“George?”

A soft sob was the only reply.

Dream’s hands shot out only to hover awkwardly over George’s shoulders. He was upsetting George, so he probably shouldn’t try to comfort him, right? Oh, god. Oh god oh god oh god.

“George?” He tried again. He ducked to get eye-level with George, trying to urge him to uncover his face. “George, talk to me. I’m so sorry, George, I never meant to make you uncomfortable or take advantage—”

“God! Would you stop being such a fucking Boy Scout for two seconds?”

Dream jumped at the older man’s outburst, his mouth clicking shut. George stood straight again, wiping his face with a self-deprecating laugh. He was a mess: his cheeks flushed and blotchy, his hair still ruffled and unbrushed from their pre-coffee activities. But he was smiling, this time with something other than pain behind his eyes.

“George?”

“Dream,” George sighed. He just looked at Dream for a second. Then, slowly, like he was afraid to spook Dream and send him running, he slid his hands over Dream’s arms, holding him gently. “You’re such an idiot.”

“Excuse me?” He didn’t know whether to be offended or relieved.

“I’m an idiot, too, so it’s okay,” the other man went on. “I’m sorry, Dream. You didn’t do anything wrong. You’re perfect—too perfect, really.” He chuckled and shook his head. “I’m so sorry, I just... I think I started to get a little sub-drop-y, then all the talk about family and such... I just got overwhelmed. And then...”

Dream caught the look on his face as he turned away and stopped him before he could make it too far away, alarmed by the anguish in his expression. “Hey,” he murmured. “Hey, it’s okay. You can tell me. Did something happen to make you upset? While you were out?”

George nodded, relaxing into Dream’s hold. He let the taller man pull him against his chest, tucking his head beneath Dream’s chin. “I—There was this guy in the coffee shop. He... recognized me. From my streams.”

“Oh.”

“Yeah. Oh.” Thin arms wound around Dream’s waist, pulling them that much closer. “He—he propositioned me. Then when I said no, he got angry and started saying all this... horrible stuff.”

“Oh, baby.” Dream rubbed the older man’s back softly, hoping the motion was soothing. “I’m so sorry. I wish I’d have been there. I could have—”

“I’m glad you weren’t. You probably would have hit him.”

Dream snorted. “Probably, yeah.”

George pulled back just enough to look up at Dream. “I just... I let what he said get to me. All this bullshit about me being a worthless whore, flaunting what I have, stringing guys along and making them do my bidding. It just... it hurt. And I let that affect the way I thought about you.”

“I’m sorry about all that stuff I said earlier,” Dream said. “If it made you uncomfortable—”

“No, no,” George chuckled. “No, never apologize for that. It was what I needed to hear. I needed to know you didn’t think of me as just a... I dunno, a business transaction.”

Dream grimaced. “I’m... it did start that way, full disclosure. I... I didn’t want to make you uncomfortable, so I kept telling myself this was just... y’know, fun.”

“It *is* fun,” George said, clearly prompting him.

“But not... *just* fun. Right?”

George smiled. “Yeah. Right.”

Dream’s heart was making its best attempt to pound its way out of his chest. “So, are we...”

“Dream, I would love to continue this conversation. Genuinely.” George patted the taller man’s chest gently. “But I’m... I don’t think I’m in the right headspace for this right now. Is that alright?”

“Yes! Yeah, of course. We’ll take it slow. I should’ve taken care of you before going straight into unboxing my childhood. Not the best pillow talk, I guess.”

The giggle that earned made all the stress of the past hour seem worth it. “Maybe not. But I’m glad you told me. I want to... to get to know you, I guess. Gah, that sounded so cringe.” Another giggle, and this time, Dream joined him. “Ugh, okay. I need a bath. A long one. Preferably with bubbles, definitely with you.”

Dream brushed the brunet’s hair back, gazing at him with what he was sure was the most intense pair of heart-eyes he’d ever sported. “We can arrange that, I think.”

He moved to go prepare the bath, but George stopped him with a hand on his wrist before he could escape. “Hey.”

“Yes, dear?”

George rolled his eyes, but interlaced his fingers with Dream’s regardless. “For the record...” He stepped closer again until they shared the same breath, dark lashes shadowing warm brown eyes. His lips passed a fraction of an inch from Dream’s, brushing just slightly when he said, “I like you, too.”

Then he was gone, swanning away to the bedroom while Dream stood there, trying to pick his mended heart up off the kitchen floor.

Chapter End Notes

The end is nigh.

Keep an eye on [my Twitter](#) for updates on when the FINAL CHAPTER of Slow Cherry comes out.

Next time: plot? resolution??? Christmas???????

(P.S.—[the stroker Dream used on George.](#))

Chapter 10

Chapter Summary

"I think I could get addicted to you."

"I think I already am."

Chapter Notes

IT'S HEEEEEEEEEEEEEE

Final chapter of Slow Cherry WHO CHEERED

Thank you [kais](#) for beta-ing this and assuring me it wasn't complete garbage. You're perfect and I love you.

This is very long, vignette-y, and has the energy of a TV show that was canceled mid-season, but hey. It's kinda good.

Okay. I won't keep you. GO READ GO GO GO.

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

“Dream!”

His name hissed through clenched teeth.

“Dream, no—knock it off!”

The man in question hummed in acknowledgement, but made no move to stop what he was doing even as pale fingers scrabbled at his shoulders.

“Dream, we can’t!” George insisted. “Mum’s flight will be here any minute. I have to meet her at the gate. We can’t—”

“We can.” Dream slid his hands under the brunet’s sweater, pushing it up enough to get at his belt. “We have time. As long as you’re quiet, no one will ever know.”

George bit his lip, conflicted, even as he hardened under Dream’s touch.

The tile floor of the airport bathroom was cold under the blond’s knees, but he paid it no mind, focusing instead on tugging George’s pants and boxers down his thighs. Despite his protests, he was twitching quickly to hardness as Dream settled his pants around his knees and leaned in to nip gently at his sensitive hipbones.

“Just say the word.” Dream looked up at him through his lashes as he whispered against his skin. “And I’ll stop.”

George's face flushed deep red but he shook his head desperately. He didn't want Dream to stop.

Dream smirked.

He wasted no time in taking George's dick in hand and stroking him gently—they were on a time crunch, after all. The next flight from London would be landing soon, and George had promised to meet his mother at the terminal.

But still, Dream found time for *this*.

He dragged his tongue up the side of George's cock, watching him press his lips together to hold back the whine he reflexively made every time Dream did that. It was a bit of information Dream knew well and planned to exploit to the fullest.

They were in one of those gender-neutral family bathrooms, so it wasn't like there were other people in the room with them, but still, the only thing separating them from the general public was a hastily locked wooden door. There was only so much noise George could make before someone got suspicious.

After wetting George's dick with his tongue, Dream pulled back. "Grab my hair, sweetheart. Want you to fuck my mouth."

George bit his lip to stifle his moan, but there was nothing he could do to hide the enthusiastic twitch he gave when he slid his fingers into Dream's already messy hair. "Not sure how long I'm going to last," he admitted softly. "This is so—I'm just—"

He couldn't find the words, but Dream figured them out by the way his eyes kept flicking to the door.

"Yeah? The thought of getting caught turning you on, baby?"

"Not really?" George paused to take a few deep breaths as the blond slowly slid the head into his mouth and started moving forward. "I don't wanna get caught, but like... the danger, the rush... And god, you look really good on your knees."

Dream hummed around George in a laugh and gripped his thighs tighter in response.

"Okay, I'm gonna..." George tightened his grip on Dream's hair and used it to pull him back until the head of his dick nearly slipped out, held in by the suction of the younger man's lips around him. The brunet huffed, then pulled Dream in.

Dream groaned as George's cock slipped over his tongue and into his throat. He relaxed, loosening his lips and his throat to give George a good, slick slide. The older man bit back a noise that would have been a grunt of appreciation and pulled Dream's hair to make him meet his eye.

George's lips were bitten red and wet with his own spit (and probably a bit of Dream's from the fervent kiss he'd pulled him into the second the door was closed behind them). Warm brown irises were only a sliver of cocoa between his blown pupils and the whites of his eyes. His chest heaved as he tried to rein in his hitching breaths.

In short, he was already wrecked.

Dream shook off George's hands to pull back and speak. "What is it, baby?" he asked softly. He kept stroking George with his hands as he looked up at him innocently. "Why aren't you doing what I told you to?"

George sniffed delicately and looked away from him. “Don’t want it to be over yet.”

“You’re the one worried about being late for your mom.”

“I know.” George shrugged. “I just—I’m going to miss you.”

Dream pouted up at him, his heart melting into a puddle on the crusty bathroom floor.

They hadn’t had the chance to have The Talk since their near-miss fight several days ago. Sappnap had called and requested Dream come home to see him and Karl off on their vacation, so he spent a whole day away from George. He was miserable the whole time. He’d texted and snapchatted back and forth with the older man the whole time he was away, even resorting to falling asleep on video call with him.

It was ridiculous, frankly, how attached he was to George already.

But based on the countless times he’d turned around to catch George looking away hastily, blushing when he realized he’d been caught staring, he wasn’t the only one in too deep.

They didn’t need any more words. Dream sealed his lips around George’s cock and let him guide him the way he needed to get off.

Eventually, George couldn’t keep his hips still, fucking into Dream’s mouth as he lifted one hand from unruly blond hair to cover his mouth. Even so, the wet noise of a throat being so thoroughly fucked couldn’t be quieted.

When George came only a few moments later, Dream hated that he couldn’t see his pretty eyes roll back.

But swallowing down all the older man had to give while his hand cradled the back of Dream’s head was enough of a reward.

George’s mom was exactly like him—small and dark haired and magnetic. Though she was the far side of middle aged with gray streaked through her chestnut curls, she turned heads as she rushed past baggage claim to embrace her son.

She’d taken George off guard. He made an “oof!” sound when she barrelled into him unexpectedly. Dream stood off to the side and covered his laugh with his hand at the helpless look the brunet leveled at him over his mother’s head.

She pulled back after a moment to hold her son at arm’s length, taking him in like she hadn’t just seen him a week ago. “Oh, my love,” she breathed, reaching up to straighten his hair. “America is treating you well. Look at you!”

George blushed and ducked his head. “Mum, please.” His eyes flicked to where Dream stood.

She caught on and followed his gaze to the young man standing a few feet away. “God, sorry! Hi! You must be one of George’s friends?”

“Yeah!” Dream stepped forward, plastering on his best mom-winning smile and sticking out a hand for her to shake. “I’m Clay. You can call me Dream, though.”

“Oh, Clay!” She brushed off his hand, going in to kiss each of his cheeks instead. He went with it,

trying not to let heat rush to his cheeks remembering where his own mouth had been a few short minutes ago. He'd rinsed his mouth out in the bathroom sink while George tried to fix the mess he'd made of his hair, but still. "Thank you for toting my baby around. I told him to learn how to drive before he moved, but he just wouldn't listen!"

Dream chuckled. "When does he ever?"

George met his eye with a panicked gaze but Dream just rolled his eyes.

"Well," George's mother cut in, saving George from Dream's further teasing. "Take me to your new home. I want to see this place that's so great you left the country for it."

Dream helped get George's mother's luggage up to his apartment then bid him farewell at the door. They'd said their goodbyes in the bathroom—thorough goodbyes, clearly. George wasn't ready to talk about his relationship with Dream when he hadn't even had the chance to talk to *Dream* about it.

Dream understood. He really did. But a big part of him wanted to introduce himself as George's boyfriend, or lover, or partner, or whatever label fit best. It's not like he wanted to say, "Hi, I'm Clay! I just sucked off your son in the bathroom. Nice to meet you!"

Maybe one day.

He went back to his apartment to find it ringing with emptiness.

He'd gotten used to George's apartment, where the older man was always humming absently to himself, and his own apartment, where Sapnap was usually yelling at video games or laughing with Karl's head on his lap.

Now, with just Dream standing in his and Sapnap's empty home, he wanted to turn around and leave.

What followed was the strangest Christmas of Dream's life.

It was better than he was expecting, honestly. Puffy insisted he come to her "orphans" Christmas party on campus, so he spent Christmas Eve with a bunch of obnoxious 19-year-olds who couldn't—or didn't want to—make it home for the holiday and a handful of his own friends. He left with a belly full of turkey and a homemade hot chocolate set he won in the gift exchange.

(He panicked and bought a multitool after putting it off to the last minute. The kid who ended up with it seemed pleased enough, though, so Dream considered that a win.)

That night, he made use of his hot chocolate kit and spent most of his time in fuzzy pajamas (or walking around in the nude, since he got to do that so infrequently). He watched movies he never got to watch when Sapnap was home to complain about Dream's poor taste. He made foods that Sapnap stuck his nose up at.

Even so, he missed his roommate. They were best friends, and aside from the night before Sapnap and Karl left for their vacation, Dream hadn't seen him much in nearly two weeks.

Sapnap had texted him the morning of Christmas Eve, with his apparently spotty cell service, to

confirm that Dream still wanted to host their friend group's New Year's party at their apartment. Dream had honestly forgotten about it. He was pretty sure the plans were hammered in the night he himself got completely hammered and drunkenly snapchatted George a picture of his face. The details were blurry, but he vaguely remembered agreeing to host somewhere between dancing with Foolish and Tina kissing him on the cheek to leave a pink smudge of lipgloss on him.

He had plans with George once his mom left—capital P, *Plans*. But maybe they could wait until the New Year.

Or maybe...

There were worse ways to introduce your... the man you're... Okay, there were worse ways to introduce George to Dream's friends.

God, they really needed to talk about this whole "defining the relationship" thing. It was making Dream do mental gymnastics.

He made it to exactly 12:37 a.m. on Christmas morning before he caved and texted George for the first time since he dropped him and his mom off at George's apartment.

His thumbs typed out "merry christmas george" in the message box and hit send.

He hadn't been expecting a reply. He was counting the tiles on his ceiling, willing himself to go to sleep already, when his phone started buzzing relentlessly where he abandoned it in the sheets.

"George?" he said upon answering, shocked to see the older man's contact photo (one he'd taken several days prior, with George freshly showered and grinning at Dream from across his kitchen counter) announcing his call.

The voice on the other line confirmed his identity in a quiet, "Merry Christmas, Dream."

Dream smiled, absently rubbing a piece of his hair between his fingers. "Merry Christmas."

George chuckled. "You said that already, idiot."

"Hey!" Dream cried. "Don't call me an idiot! You can't call me an idiot on Christmas, George. It breaks tradition."

George snorted. "Like you care about that kind of thing."

"Hey! I'll have you know I am a *very* sentimental man."

"Yeah?" There was a rustling sound on the older man's side of the call—like he was snuggling down into his sheets, melting like he did when he was sleepy.

"I am," Dream insisted. "In fact, I'm so sentimental, that I'm sitting here in one of my hoodies you wore and getting a little sad that it doesn't smell like you anymore."

George made a noise that was both endeared and grossed out. "Dream," he complained, making Dream smile. He could practically see his blush. "I miss you."

Dream sighed, eyes slipping shut. "I miss you, too. In case that wasn't obvious."

George snorted softly, more rustling coming from his end. "Mum's been great, though. I haven't been gone long enough to really miss her, but I must admit I've been a little homesick."

“Do you regret it? Moving here, so far from home?”

“Mm. Not really.” George sighed, and Dream could picture him perfectly: propped up in bed, bathed in moonlight, staring longingly out the window. “I mean, it’s different, for sure. But it’s been great seeing you. I’m looking forward to meeting my other friends when they’re free. I was so isolated back home, but here...” He paused, only the sound of his breathing coming through. “I don’t know. Here is different, you know?”

“Yeah,” Dream said. “Yeah, I get it.”

They lapsed into silence. Dream suddenly wished they’d done a video call so he could read the emotions right off the older man’s face. But the lights in Dream’s room were already off, and if George’s mom was asleep, it was dark in his apartment too. He just wanted to see him.

The thought overtook him, so he found himself saying it out loud. “I want to see you.”

George’s breath caught. “I’m—yeah, I want to see you too.”

“When can I?”

“New Year’s Eve?” George offered. “Mum got a flight that morning. She told me she’s getting an Uber, so you don’t have to worry about picking her up. But, if you wanted to, I could text you when she’s gone?”

Dream laughed, suddenly finding their whole situation ridiculous. “Honestly,” he said between chuckles. “I feel like a teenager sneaking around behind my parents’ backs again.”

“I do, too.” George joined him in his laughter. “It is a little ridiculous, isn’t it?”

“Just a little.”

“We’ll get there. One day, this won’t be so complicated. I’ll be able to introduce you to my friends and my mum without having to explain how we met.”

“We can’t keep it a secret forever, you know that, right?”

“No, I know,” George agreed. “I don’t want to. I’m not ashamed of how we met. Maybe a little ashamed of not figuring out all the feelings first, but... no, I want to tell them. I think it’s funny, actually.”

“Of course it’s funny! I seduced you with money and gifts until you moved across the world for me.”

The eye roll from George was nearly audible. “Okay, big shot. Sure, that’s exactly what happened. I didn’t have this planned for years. I didn’t start camming to make money for the move. I didn’t apply for my visa almost a year ago. No, it was all for you, Dream.”

Dream shook his head, smiling at his ceiling like an idiot. “Hey, let me live my dream.” He smiled wider at George’s poorly hidden giggle. “I didn’t realize you’d been planning this for so long.”

“Yeah,” the older man said. “It’s been in the works for probably three years. I was supposed to move in with my friends I met through gaming, but there’s some situation with a secret boyfriend and another roommate—I don’t know, it sounded overcomplicated.”

“Sounds like it,” Dream agreed. “I’m glad you didn’t move in with them. It would’ve made it so

awkward trying to sneak me in.”

“Oh, it wouldn’t be the sneaking in that would be difficult. It’s after you got to my room that would be the issue.”

“Yeah?” Dream licked his lips, mouth suddenly dry. “What would we be getting up to that would cause problems?”

“Dream,” George complained weakly. More rustling told Dream the brunet was squirming. The thought sent liquid heat through his gut. “My mum’s asleep on the couch. We can’t do this now.”

Dream pressed his hand to his hot forehead, trying to stem the lust growing inside him. Five minutes on the phone with this man, and Dream was ready to drive into the night to go find him. “No, you’re right,” he said reluctantly. “We’ll have plenty of time for that on New Year’s Eve.”

“Ah.” George’s tone suddenly took a downward turn. “Shit.”

“What?”

“My friends invited me to their New Year’s party that evening,” George said apologetically. “We won’t have that much time.”

“Oh.” Disappointment quickly cooled the last of Dream’s arousal. “That’s okay. I have a party that night as well. I was going to invite you, but…”

“Oh… well… maybe I can get out of mine…”

“What? No, George. This is your first time meeting them, right?”

“Yeah,” George said, trepidation dripping from the single syllable.

“Then there’s no way in hell you’re cutting that short for me.” Dream sat up, as if getting upright would convince George he was right. “Listen, I had you for a whole week while they were busy. I can spare you for one night. These are the people you packed up your life and moved to a different country for, babe. You can’t skip out on them. No matter how good the dick is.”

George burst into laughter that melted Dream’s heart. He had to smother it quickly to keep from waking his mom, but the younger still heard the giggles he tried to suppress. “Dream!” George complained. “You’re such a child. Actual teenage brain.”

“I can’t help who I am.” Dream waited for George to quiet down, just enjoying being in his presence—even if the other man wasn’t even in the room with him. “I’ll come over that morning, and we can spend the day together until we have to go get ready. Then I’ll take you out on New Year’s Day. Somewhere nice. Sound fair?”

“Sounds fair,” George agreed. “As long as you give me time to shower before I have to leave. I don’t want to meet my best friends since I was a teenager with various fluids sticking to me. Oh!” he cried suddenly. “That reminds me. I have a Christmas gift for you.”

“What?” Dream frowned. “I thought we said we weren’t doing gifts.”

“Well,” George waffled, suddenly sounding further away from the mic. “It’s kind of a gift for both of us. Me, mostly, if I’m being honest.”

“Now I’m intrigued…” Dream was about to ask for an explanation, then his phone buzzed against

his ear with an incoming message. He looked at his phone and saw a new message from George with a photo attachment. He put the older man on speaker and opened the photo. “What’s this? Did you take more nudes? Because you do that almost every day as it is...”

It wasn’t nudes.

It was a scanned document.

A scanned document from the local sexual health clinic.

After a few moments of staring with his mouth ajar, Dream finally said, “...George?”

“Surprise?”

“Is this...?”

“Yeah,” George confirmed. “I was pretty sure I was clean, since I’ve only slept with one other person since I last got tested, but I wanted to be sure. I got tested the day you had to go home. Wanted to surprise you. Are you...” He trailed off, sounding unsure. “Is it a good surprise?”

“A good surprise? Holy *shit*, George.” He could barely think. The lust was back, so strong and quick he got lightheaded. He fell back against the pillows, scrubbing his face with the hand not holding the phone. “God, you’ve killed me. I’m gonna die.”

“Please don’t,” George deadpanned. “At least not before you stuff me like a Twinkie—”

Dream interrupted him with a loud, dramatic groan that made them both dissolve into uncontrollable giggles.

Dream laughed until his stomach hurt, then subsided into sighs as George quieted on the other end. “I’m serious, Dream,” he said soberly. “I really... *really* want that.”

“Yeah, baby?” Dream was aware his voice deepened, nearly slurring his words as he took the phone back off speaker and pressed it to his ear to get George’s voice in his head. “What is it you want? Tell me.”

A gasp, then, “Dream... I can’t....”

“How will I know what you want if you don’t tell me, princess?”

“Oh.” George swallowed, loud enough for his mic to pick up. “I want—I want you to fill me. Use me for your pleasure, cum inside me, and push it back inside with your fingers when it starts to drip out.”

Dream groaned, the image so clear he could practically see it. He pressed the heel of his hand to his dick, relishing the pressure as he got hard in his flannel pajama bottoms. “Yeah? You want me to leave my mark on you? Fill you so good you’ll never forget who you belong to?”

“Dream...” George whined, then promptly cleared his throat. “Dream, I can’t—not with my mum...”

“I know, I know. Sorry. I got excited.”

“I can tell,” George huffed. “Glad you like your present.”

“Can’t wait to unwrap it.”

George cleared his throat again, more insistent. “Right. Okay. I should go to sleep. Mum’s taking me out to brunch tomorrow after we exchange gifts.”

“Alright.”

Neither of them said anything for a long moment, waiting for the other to initiate their goodbyes.

“Oh my god,” George groaned after a minute of silence between them.

“What? What is it?”

“We’re that couple!” George cried softly. “We’re the *no, you hang up first* couple!”

“Oh god. We are! We’re totally that couple!”

Couple. Couple. Couple. The word echoed in Dream’s mind with every heartbeat.

George chuckled on the other line, half-muffled like he was covering his face with one of his hands. “Okay, I’m gonna go before this gets gross.”

“Good call. Good night, George. Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas, Dream.”

Dream stayed awake long after George hung up, staring at his ceiling like he had been before their call.

He was no closer to sleep than he was before they talked.

Couple.

George called them a *couple*.

Dream had relationships in the past, ones that sped his pulse and stole his common sense, but never in his 20-odd years of life had such a small word felt so monumental.

He finally fell asleep as the sun rose on a clear Christmas morning.

The following days passed slower than molasses in winter.

He forced himself to go outside, take a stroll down the riverwalk for old time’s sake, to take in the fresh air, no matter how biting cold it was. He wrapped himself in the hoodie George had worn (the one he’d sent in the mail only a month or so ago, even though it felt like ages ago). He pulled the strings to cover most of his face with the hood, and meandered down the familiar pavestones.

He had eventually taken George to dinner and walked him down this stretch afterward. George had complained the whole time, but he kept surging up to kiss the breath from Dream’s lips every time it puffed out in white clouds between them, so Dream considered it a win.

Dream paused along the railing and leaned against it. The metal sucked the remaining warmth from his hands but he clutched it tighter as he leaned over to look down at the water.

In summer, the city set up feeders so people could throw dried kibble down to the fish. Big, ugly carp that gapped up at everyone who peered down at them. Now, the feeders were covered and the

fish were hibernating (or whatever fish did in winter).

The solitude of the past few days gave Dream plenty of time to think.

It was becoming harder and harder to deny that the feelings he had for George—the feelings he was just now beginning to think might be reciprocated—went deeper than he thought. He'd been attracted to him from the moment he laid eyes on him, more than he'd ever been attracted to anyone in his life. Granted, the older man had been riding a dildo the length and girth of Dream's forearm modeled after a werewolf cock the first time he saw him, the bottom of his belly shifting every time he moved, his eyes rolling back and mouth hanging open like he was built to take it. But still.

It had grown from there. Aesthetic appreciation and sexual attraction melded into something sweeter, foreign but undeniable every time George smiled when Dream tipped him, purred his username like he loved the taste of it, or laughed at one of his jokes when their private calls started.

He remembered the exact moment he realized he might actually have a crush on his favorite camboy.

It was a couple months into their private calls. Dream had bought George flavored lube—cherry, because George had once mentioned it was his favorite—and watched him finger himself open, sticking his fingers in his mouth to add to the wetness until both his chin and his ass were coated with spit and pink-tinted lube. Their session was fairly short—George was quick with his fingers, especially with Dream's voice purring instructions in his ear. Dream, as he usually tried to, stuck around to keep George company while he cleaned up.

Dream had been only halfway paying attention, getting a little sleepy from the orgasm he'd just had, so he'd jumped when George suddenly cried out in disgust.

"Dream!"

The blonde had jerked upright, looking at his computer with renewed interest at George, who had been scrubbing his face frantically with a wet wipe. "What?" Dream asked, panicking more than a little. "What's wrong?"

"The lube!" The camboy scrubbed his chin again, looking into his viewfinder to see himself, then held out the wipe to Dream. "It's not coming off! It stained my skin!"

Dream had been more tired than he originally thought, because instead of a comforting platitude or assurances it would wash off, he simply said, "Looks like you blew the Kool-Aid man."

George blinked at him for several long moments, hazy brown eyes staring in disbelief. Dream was on the precipice of dropping the call and booking the next boat to the nearest deserted island, digging himself into a hole of regret.

Then the camboy had burst out laughing, uncontrolled and indelicate in a way he never let himself be on stream. He'd laughed until he cried, his giggles sending Dream into a fit as well, sprinkling apologies in when he could find the breath.

He'd eventually coached the camboy through getting the lube off him (at least his face; the ass situation could wash off with time) while George pitched different characters he looked like with the questionable stain on his face: the Pokemon Jynx and every vampire from cheap teen movies among the favorites.

Dream had replayed the evening over in his mind for weeks, and not just the sex part (although that

was great). Seeing him laugh and joke like that, carefree and genuine, made something in Dream's chest come unraveled.

He wanted to be the reason George laughed every day, for as long as he would allow it.

A burst of wind washed over Dream, reminding him that he was standing at the riverside all by his lonesome, daydreaming about a man whose feelings he couldn't figure out. He pressed his nose deeper into the hood of his sweatshirt. It had long since stopped smelling like George, but the knowledge that he'd taken so much joy from it, had gotten himself off half a world away while imagining Dream was there with him.

Dream pushed away from the railing, laughing at himself as he headed back home.

He needed a cold shower.

He texted George.

I miss you.

The response came only a few minutes after he sent it.

His heart lurched in his chest, and his need for a cold shower increased tenfold. It was a photo—he hadn't gotten any from George since before his move nearly two weeks ago. He forgot how fucking good George was at taking him off guard.

George was in a bathroom somewhere—not his apartment, clearly. There was a line of stalls (hopefully empty) behind him in the massive mirror. It reminded Dream of the mirror George had left behind in the UK. Honestly, it was the only downside of George's move.

The older man took the photo over his shoulder, hip cocked out as he tugged down the waist of his pants to reveal a band of lace on his hip bone. The lingerie Dream bought him before he moved. Dream could only see a bit of his lower back, the curve of his ass, and an inch or so of upper thigh, but it was enough to get his blood racing. His eyes lingered on George's face, where he was biting his tongue in a cheeky grin, his eyes dark in that way they got when he knew he was getting to the blond.

I'm gonna fucking eat you, Dream texted back when his brain came back online.

George, the absolute brat, responded with a selfie of him and his mom at a coffee shop in a mall somewhere, both of them grinning at the camera.

Save some for dessert!

If you would have told Dream a year ago that he would be where he was on the morning of New Year's Eve, he would have laughed in your face.

He thought himself above this, but no. There he was: hiding behind a ficus in the lobby of George's apartment building with the world's most unfortunate boner, trying to look like he wasn't doing exactly that.

He'd exercised some self control, but only enough to be where he was.

George had been sending him pictures every few hours after that first one in the public restroom,

each one gradually chipping away at the younger man's sanity.

George, with his mouth open, tongue lolling out, in the process of taking his favorite dildo in his mouth.

George's fingers spread in front of his flushed face, dripping with his own cum after jacking off.

George from the chin-down in nothing but a tiny pair of pink panties that barely held him in, even when he was soft.

George's bare thighs covered in pink little scratch marks from his own hands.

George's hand wrapped around his throat, his face flaming red as his eyes rolled back.

George's ass, spread and wet and swollen, his toy abandoned beside him as he bent over his bed, spent and exhausted.

George's ass, again, with a pair of panties pulled off to the side to show the plug nestled deep inside him, sent to Dream only ten minutes prior to his arrival at the older man's building.

So, forgive Dream for being overeager.

He wasn't afraid of running into George's mom on her way out of the building, but—okay, maybe he was a little afraid. His jeans were doing little to hide what her son had done to him. He didn't want to explain why he was showing up to George's apartment with a half chub at eleven in the morning.

Try as he might, he couldn't find a good excuse for that one.

He was leaning against the wall, trying to look busy on his phone but really just flipping through George's photos. It certainly wasn't helping the pants situation, but god, he couldn't stop looking. It was like a car wreck, or a stranger's horrible fashion choice, or a couple fighting out in public—or whatever the *positive* equivalent to all that was.

A laugh rang through the lobby, loud and obvious and familiar enough to make Dream's heart leap to his throat.

George had his arm around his mother as they exited the elevator, each of them pulling one of her suitcases behind them. Dream couldn't make out what they were saying, but their heads were tipped close so they could hear each other with a familiarity that only came from years of love and trust. She was scolding him for something, based on the faux-stern look on her face, but George was smiling and laughing at her. He rolled his eyes at her as he passed Dream and caught a glimpse of him standing there behind the plant.

Dream pressed closer to the wall, suddenly feeling like an intruder as they slipped outside.

Dream turned away to give them privacy as they said their goodbyes. George returned after her car pulled away, blinking pointedly at the ceiling as he made his way over to Dream's conspicuous hiding spot.

"Popping the wall up?" he quipped, stopping beside Dream, who pocketed his phone and pretended not to notice the waver in the older man's voice.

"Just making sure it's structurally sound, you know?" Dream patted the wall. "Don't want you living in a place that can't even hold your massive dumpy—"

George cried out in indignation. “Hey!” He playfully smacked Dream’s shoulder, then between one blink and the next, his arms were around the blond’s neck, pulling him into an embrace.

Dream gasped then immediately relaxed, wrapping his arms around George’s waist and tucking his face into his neck.

“Missed you,” George mumbled into Dream’s jacket.

The younger man turned his head to press a kiss to the side of his head. “Missed you more.”

George snorted and pulled back to show Dream the unimpressed look on his face. “It’s not a competition, you know.”

“I know it’s not,” Dream said, slipping his hand into George’s. The brunet looked at their entwined fingers for a moment. Pink tinted his cheeks and he tightened his grip. “But I still missed you more.”

George rolled his eyes but took a step back, pulling Dream with him. “Whatever. Simp.”

Dream didn’t even try to argue with that one.

The second the elevator closed behind them, George’s back was against the wall and Dream was kissing him, slipping his hands under the thin t-shirt he wore. The brunet gasped. Dream took advantage of his shock, slipping his tongue into George’s mouth the second his lips parted.

A moan slipped from George as he finally got with the program, grabbing Dream’s arms and holding him in place.

After a moment, George turned his head with a laugh, breaking the kiss.

“No, come back here,” Dream growled, trying to tip his chin back where he could kiss him.

George only laughed harder, pushing Dream’s face away from his. “Knock it off! We’re still in public.”

“Don’t care,” Dream said. He really, really didn’t. “After sending me all those pictures, you’re lucky I don’t pull down those sweats and fuck you right here where the security cameras can see.”

A squeak stole from George’s lips as he made eye contact with the camera in the corner of the elevator car. “Dream!”

“Shh, shh, shh, baby.” Dream closed the distance between them again, whispering in the brunet’s ear as he pressed his hips to George’s stomach. “Feel that? Feel what you did to me?”

“Th-that’s not *my* fault!”

“Oh, it isn’t?” Teeth brushed along the shell of George’s ear, making him shudder and grip Dream’s arms tighter. “So, someone else sent me all those slutty photos of you? Someone stole your phone and took pictures of that pretty little ass spread open on a plug for me? Hmm? Is that it?”

The older man was shaking, staring intently at the numbers on the elevator panel slowly ticking up to his floor. “Um... I—no, I mean—”

“No?” Dream slipped his hand down the back of George’s pants—safely hidden from view of the camera—squeezing his ass just hard enough to pull his hips against Dream. With the leg slotted

between the brunet's legs, Dream could feel *exactly* what he was doing to George. It sent a rush to Dream's head (well, both heads, to be precise). "So, you *did* send me those pretty pictures? You *did* tease me relentlessly? You *did* cave in and finger yourself open for this plug..." Two of his fingers brushed the hard silicone between George's cheeks, making him gasp again and push up onto his toes. "To get yourself ready for me? With your mother in the other room?"

George's face was so red, Dream felt the heat of it without even touching him. "Dream..." he whined.

He pressed against the plug again with purpose, pushing it further into George. He jerked, spine straightening as his dick twitched against Dream's thigh. Dream chuckled, arousal crawling up his spine and clinging onto his vocal cords. "How fucking desperate do you have to be to do that, hmm?"

"So desperate," George panted, arching against Dream to try and get more contact. There were only a few more floors left, he could hang on... "Really desperate. Please, Dream, need you."

The *ding* of the elevator separated them, sending them to opposite ends of the car like they'd been electrocuted. They stared at each other, both panting and flushed, before breaking into giggles.

George reached out and took Dream's hand again, pulling him into the hallway before the doors could close on them. Dream did his best to plaster himself to George's back as he unlocked the door, latching onto him like a second skin and biting his neck like he wanted to crawl inside him.

He kinda did, honestly.

The door had barely shut before Dream was squatting to sweep George off the ground, bringing them eye-level with each other with the older man's feet dangling a couple inches off the ground. George yelped, wrapping his arms around Dream's shoulders to steady himself.

"Listen," Dream said, much softer than before. "I really fucking missed you, and as much as I want to make this drawn out and romantic, I need to be inside you, like, yesterday."

"I don't need romantic," George insisted. He dipped his head to kiss the blonde, both of them opening up to the kiss like flowers to the sun. "Just need you."

"It's gonna be rough," Dream warned, squeezing George tighter. He really liked the way the smaller man felt against him—sexually, obviously, but also just existing in the same space. "Wanna fuck you through the couch."

George was staring at his lips intently, clearly forcing himself not to kiss him again. "Through it?" he asked, mirth breaking through the desperation in his voice. "Not over it?"

"Over it, through it, inside it, beneath it..." Dream went on, finally stopping when George giggled and gave into the temptation to kiss him. "Wanna make you cum. Wanna cum inside you."

George's eyes widened, his breath freezing in his chest.

Dream smirked. "Forgot about that, did you? I thought you said it was mostly *your* Christmas present."

"I'm—I—" George struggled for words before finally digging his hand into Dream's hair and forcing their mouths together into another kiss that was more teeth than anything else. "Fuck, please, *please*. I just—*fuck*, Dream."

He wanted to reprimand George for his language, but he couldn't be arsed. "Use your colors. I mean it."

"Yessir," George slurred, barely lifting his lips from Dream's to speak. "I will. I'm green, I—" Whatever he was about to say left him in a *whoosh* of air as Dream set him back on his feet and promptly shoved him over the back of the couch. He caught himself with his hands on the cushions, turning to glare at Dream over his shoulder. "Dream! What are you—"

"Shut your fucking mouth," Dream hissed, standing over George like an executioner.

George's mouth snapped shut.

"Good boy. Nice to know you haven't forgotten how to listen." Dream took a half-step back to yank George's sweats down to pool around his ankles. The brunet lifted his feet to step out of them, but Dream stopped him. "Ah, ah, ah. Leave those on. Don't move unless I tell you to. Understood?"

George nodded.

Dream grunted and leaned over him to grab his hair, pulling him upright into a painful-looking arch that made a strangled noise claw from his throat. "Speak, slut."

"Y-yes sir." His hands fluttered in front of him, looking for purchase. "I understand."

Dream released his hair and made him bend back over, putting himself on display for the blond. George complied, relaxing in submission. "Fuck, baby," Dream purred. He ran an appreciative hand from George's bare thigh, up over the curve of his ass in his virginal white panties, up his back. The brunet's shirt crawled up with his hand, but he made no move to take it off until Dream said, "Off." The shirt whipped off, flying across the room to be dealt with later. "So pretty for me. I've never seen these before..." He traced the lace hem of the underwear, light and feathery just to see George shiver. "Are they new?"

"Yes sir," George said through gritted teeth.. "Bought them for you."

"Just for me?" Dream asked teasingly, grabbing either side of the waistband.

"Yes sir, I—"

Riiiiiiip.

George froze in silence as his brand-new underwear fluttered to the floor between his legs, no longer in one piece. Dream grabbed his bare ass, now unhindered by the flimsy fabric. "Wha— Dream..." George whined, kicking his legs in protest. "Those were new, I—"

"Hey." The blond wrapped his fingers around George's balls, squeezing them just this side of too hard. George jolted, an inhuman noise ripping from his throat as he shuddered. Dream watched all the muscles on his back tighten one by one. "Do you think you're in any position to complain? Hmm?" He squeezed just a bit harder, a threat clear as day.

George was shaking his head before Dream even finished. His thighs twitched, clearly wanting to close and protect his most sensitive bits, but he knew what was good for him and kept them spread enough for Dream to brush a thumb over the seam of the balls he held captive. "No s-sir," George stuttered. "I'm so sorry, sir. Thank you for ripping them, I didn't deserve them. Thank you, thank you."

Dream tilted his head, intrigued by the turn but willing to go along with it. “That’s right, baby,” he purred, loosening his fist to give George’s balls a gentle stroke in reward. “You have to earn pretty things. Only good boys get to wear frilly panties and little skirts. You going to be good for me?”

“Yes sir! I’ll be good. You deserve me to be good.”

Dream grinned. The poor thing was so deep already, he was barely holding onto proper speech. “Thank you, princess.” He soothed George with softer touches over his hips and down his thighs. “I *do* deserve it, don’t I? I deserve your obedience?”

“Yessir, more than anything.” The brunet settled, relaxing again and nearly going limp over the back of the couch as Dream grounded him with his touch. “Wanna give you everything.”

Dream raised an eyebrow. “Everything, you say?”

George nodded, eyes slipping shut as Dream’s fingers ghosted up his waist and across his ticklish ribs. His shudder was poorly concealed, but he was trying *so hard* to be good for Dream.

“Then tell me, princess…” Dream leaned over him, wrapping an arm under his chest to hold him up and pull them closer. The position slotted Dream’s still-clothed cock against the older man’s ass. It nudged the plug, and George’s chest tightened under his hold. Dream’s lips hovered only an inch from George’s ear. “What kind of slut can’t even wait for his mother to leave before getting ready for his dick appointment, hmm?”

It said a lot about George’s headspace that he didn’t snort at Dream’s phrasing like he usually did. Instead, a whine bubbled up between his lips. “No, *no*,” he begged, bordering on a sob. “I’m sorry, sir. Just wanted to be good for you. Wanted to be ready for you. I’m sorry, sir, I didn’t mean to—”

“Hey, it’s okay, baby.” Seeing George quickly tipping into genuine distress, Dream nudged his head sideways to meet his eye. The older man’s eyes were hazy and dark. It took them a moment to focus on Dream’s face so close to him, and when they finally did, he puckered his lips and let out a little noise that wrenched Dream’s chest. Dream obeyed the sweet, silent request, kissing him so light it was barely more than a brush of lips. “You’re so good for me, George. Thank you for preparing yourself. Thank you for the pictures. You make me feel so good, baby doll. You make me so happy.”

George squeaked and pecked Dream’s lips lightly, resurfacing a little as he smiled. “Yeah?”

“Yes, you do, you little minx.” Dream ruffled his hair and rejoiced at the little giggle that earned him. “What’s your color, princess? You okay?”

“Greenest green,” George insisted. Dream smiled and started kissing down his jaw to bite at his neck, biting harder every time the brunet’s breath caught. “But if you’re not inside me in the next thirty seconds, I’m gonna… gonna…”

“Yeah?” Dream teased, standing straight again. “Tell me what you’re gonna do, princess.”

George melted into the couch, pouting over his shoulder. “Just… *please*.”

There was no way in hell Dream was ignoring that plea.

He gripped the base of the plug and ground it harder into George, watching his back arch as he pressed it into his prostate, just to be a dick. The plug clattered to the carpeted floor within moments—another thing for them to think about later. Dream flattened his hands on George’s ass, spreading him open for his perusal. There was a little lube from the plug left, but not a whole lot.

“Do you want more lube, baby?”

George shook his head, looking over his shoulder to show Dream he was speaking from his right mind. “No, please. Wanna feel you. Want it to hurt a little. Want to feel you every time I sit down tonight.”

Dream groaned and pushed his pants down just enough to free his dick to give it a few strokes. “Yeah?” He spit into his hand to ease his strokes, noting the way George flinched and tilted his hips up at the sound. “You want all your friends to wonder why you’re being so weird? You want me to have a claim on you even when I’m not there?”

“Yeah,” George breathed, breaking off in a gasp when Dream tapped the head of his cock against his hole. He clenched at the contact.

“Ah, ah, don’t tighten up now.” He spat again, this time making sure it landed on George’s hole. He smeared it around with his thumb, dipping the tip in just to tease George as his dick gave a very obvious twitch where it hung untouched between his legs. He relaxed a moment later, opening up around the blond’s thumb. “That’s it, George. Such a good fucking boy for me.”

George made a pleased noise, reaching out to snag one of the pillows from the end of the couch to hug. Dream allowed it; there was just something so fucking cute about George’s need to hold onto something while he was being fucked.

Dream gave one last warning of “remember your colors” before sliding in with one long, unforgiving thrust.

The brunet’s back hitched with sobs as Dream ground his hips against his, but based on the way George clutched the pillow and pushed back on Dream, it wasn’t a bad feeling. Overwhelming, maybe, but not *bad*.

“*There* you go, princess,” Dream huffed, locking his hands around George’s hips, pulling him up to alleviate the last bit of space between them and lift George’s feet off the floor. “Fuck, so fucking tight for me still.” He pulled back without giving him much time to adjust, dipping down to spit on his hole again.

“Ngghhh,” George gurgled, clenching so tight around Dream he couldn’t move.

“What’s that? You like it when I spit on you?” he asked, as if he hadn’t already figured that out. George nodded, a soft little chant of *yes, yes, yes* leaving him between breaths. “Yeah? Think you’d want me to spit in your mouth? Want me to claim you that way, too? Have you dripping from both ends so your friends know you’re mine?”

The brunet was nonverbal at that point, moaning into his pillow. He couldn’t get leverage to fuck back into Dream, make him really give it to him, what with his feet dangling a few inches off the floor, but he wiggled impatiently nonetheless. One of his hands flashed out to grab the couch as Dream pulled out then eased back in slow enough to feel every inch of George’s hole gripping around him.

“Guh, fuck it.”

Dream started fucking him in earnest, fed up with the teasing—it wasn’t as fun when George wasn’t responding anyway. He pulled the older man’s hips back into him with every thrust. George jerked with each push forward, breathless *uhn, uhn, uhns* forced out of him. His thighs tried to clench again—unsuccessfully, given Dream’s current position.

And *god*, he felt like a dream.

It had just been a week since the last time they'd done this, but to Dream, it might as well have been his first time. And it was, to some extent. He'd never fucked George bare before, and it was... it was something different. From the first stroke, it took a good deal of his self control not to let go immediately. Remembering he was *allowed* to cum inside George, remembering he was *allowed* to see his cum drip down the older man's pretty thighs, it just made it that much harder.

George didn't seem that far off either.

His pillow somehow found its way to the ground in front of him, and he was struggling to get a grip on the cushions beneath him. Dream had a steely grip on his hips, so it wasn't like he was going anywhere, but he clenched his fists in the upholstery like he would float away if he let go. His face was turning darker and darker from pleasure (and, Dream supposed, from being basically upside down for the better part of the last five minutes). His hair was a mess. His mouth was hanging open, moans gradually ratcheting up in volume and pitch spilling out. There was a little bit of drool dripping from his chin to the couch.

He looked so fucking good.

Dream angled his hips, now realizing he'd been making no extra effort to make it good for George. He'd told Dream several days before that it didn't matter if he tried or not, he usually hit George's prostate through sheer size and determination. But still Dream didn't want this to be any less good for the older man as it was for him.

Especially considering this was George's Christmas present.

"Ah!" The brunet yelped suddenly, his voice returning to him between one thrust and the next. "Dream, dream, please. Please, right there, right there, right there—"

"That's it, baby boy," Dream purred, panting with the effort of his pace. Neither of them were going to last long at that rate, but he was determined to make it memorable. "Feel so fucking good, princess. Do you feel good?"

"Feel so good, sir," George slurred. He was shaking, his thighs trembling against Dream's and his back visibly shuddering. "I'm so—I'm getting so close, Dream, please—"

Dream chuckled darkly, his hands gripping bruises into the older man's hips. "God, you're so fucking easy, George. All it takes is a good dick rawing you for two seconds and you're ready to cum all over this nice new couch of yours."

That comment, of all things, caught George's attention. He pushed himself up on his arms and turned to look at the blond so suddenly Dream paused. "No!" George cried. "Don't!"

Dream put the older man's feet firmly on the ground and pulled him up to hold him close. "Don't what, baby? Do you need to safeword?"

"No, no," George insisted immediately. He curled his hands around Dream's arms around his waist, soothing the younger man's rising panic. "I'm good, I'm perfect. You're perfect." He looked away from Dream at that, suddenly coy. If his face wasn't already so red, he would be blushing. "I'm green. I just don't want to get cum on my couch."

That shocked a laugh from Dream. "Really?" He kissed up George's shoulder until he could land a biting kiss right where his shoulder met his neck. "*That's* what you're worried about? You made me stop so I wouldn't make you cum all over your new couch like a pretty little whore?"

George tipped his head against Dream's, closing his eyes. "Yeah."

"Aww, poor baby." The blond petted his hair, watching him relax into it before pulling it into his fist. George hissed, his eyes snapping back open. "Too bad you don't get to make that call." With that, he resumed his punishing pace.

The brunet's mouth hung open, his eyes rolling shut as Dream's hand in his hair kept him upright. The position ensured Dream speared into all the best parts of him every time he moved. He tightened around Dream rhythmically, seconds away from the point of no return.

"No," George gasped. He fought in Dream's hold, fruitlessly trying to protect his furniture. "No, Dream, please. Don't!"

"Don't what?"

A whimper slipped past bitten lips. "Don't make me get cum on my couch."

"Ohh, but baby," Dream cooed in faux disappointment. "I thought you wanted to cum. Don't you want to feel good?"

"I do!" the older man insisted. There was a desperate glint in his eye that hadn't been there before; he was genuinely afraid Dream wouldn't let him cum.

Good, the sadistic thing that lived inside Dream hissed. *Let him be afraid.*

"But you just told me you didn't want to cum," Dream countered, not slowing his pace in the slightest. He was getting dangerously close as well, but he wanted to see how this played out. It was too fun not to see.

"I do!" George whined. "I do want to cum, just not on the couch! Please, please, *please* sir!"

"You don't want to make a mess? You don't want people to walk in and see what a fucking slut you are? You don't want to have to clean it up yourself and remember what I do to you?"

George squirmed, his jaw clenching against the inevitable. He was seconds away from letting go. "Please!" His plea was nearly a scream. "Please, let me cum! Just not on the couch! Don't make me, sir, please don't make me!"

God, he could call down angels with that prayer.

"Okay, sweetheart, c'mere."

Dream ignored the brunet's chant of *thank you thank you thank you* as he took George by the arms, guiding him a few steps back so the fancy new couch was out of the splash zone. He kept his hands there, keeping George's back arched and his arms behind him as Dream held them both upright in the middle of the living room. The new position was a bit precarious, but it gave Dream enough leverage to do what he needed to do. He was basically holding his breath at that point, on a hair trigger.

He'd never fucked anyone so roughly. His heart was hammering in time with his hips as he fucked into the man he'd missed so dearly after only a week apart (after being together for only *another* week). He wished suddenly to see George's face as he fell silent, his pleas cutting off between heartbeats as his body seized.

"Come on, princess," Dream said. "Cum for me."

George threw his head back, utterly still as he tightened around Dream enough to make him groan and steal his breath. Then, the cutest, hottest fucking squeak slipped from the older man as he shook violently, cum dribbling from his neglected cock onto the carpet as Dream hammered into him.

“Holy f-fuck,” Dream whispered, eyes rolling back as he finally let go.

Cumming inside George was a religious experience. He was so used to the condom, he forgot the fucking rush he got from marking his partner so intimately. Not just any partner. George.

The older man sobbed as Dream worked them both through it, knees knocking together and nearly giving out as he clung to Dream with all his strength. His breaths were shaky. His head was lolling on his shoulders. He looked moments away from passing out.

“Here, baby,” Dream whispered, easing him forward to lean against the couch again. Once he was sure George wouldn’t collapse the second he let go, Dream pulled out, hissing at the sensitivity.

George looked *used*.

His hole was red and puffy. Dream was sure he would be feeling it for a while. He almost regretted not using more lube—almost. And *oh*, the creme de la creme: a dribble of white slipped from the brunet’s loosened hole and dripped down his thigh.

“God, George.” Dream’s voice was unintentionally reverent as he admired the sight, pressing his thumb right above his hole to let more out.

George whimpered in response, resting his head on his crossed arms on the back of the couch.

“Yeah?” he hummed. “Look good?”

“Hell yeah, it looks good.” He dipped his thumb in, pushing a smear of cum back inside.

“Feels—feels good, too. Glad I got tested. Fuck.”

“I’m glad, too. I would’ve fucked you without it, you know.”

“Mmm.” George turned his head to peek at Dream with one eye mostly hidden by his hair. “I know you would’ve. But I wanted to make sure.”

“I mean,” Dream mused, running his hand up the older man’s back. He was sweaty, but he was starting to cool down a bit, at least. “It’s not like I didn’t swallow your cum, what? Like a dozen times already?”

George snorted and pushed himself upright. “It wasn’t that many.”

“It was close, though.”

George hummed and turned around to nestle himself into Dream’s waiting arms. Halfway through the process, he tripped over his pants around his ankles and nearly toppled face-first into the ground.

Dream burst out laughing. He held him upright as he finally kicked off his shoes and pants, glaring at the blond all the while. He reminded Dream of his childhood cat, who would hiss and scowl at him even as she crawled into his lap for cuddles.

Finally freed from his clothes, George sighed and stepped forward to hug Dream. “Ugh!” he cried

out as he got there.

“What?” Dream asked, chuckling as he hopped on one foot and glared at the floor.

“Stepped in my cum,” he grumbled. “Fuck’s sake. Kinda defeated the purpose of not making me cum on the couch.”

“Noted. Next time, I just won’t let you cum.”

George’s gaze snapped back to him. “You wouldn’t.”

“If you’re so against making a mess, it’s only kind of me to not let you make one.”

“That’s not—” George spluttered. “You can’t—”

“Oh, can’t I?” Dream held him at arm’s length to observe the cumstain on the carpet. It would be much easier to clean out of the white carpet than the brown upholstery of the couch, but still. “You just can’t help getting so fucking messy for me.”

“I can... I can clean up after myself?”

Dream stroked George’s cheek softly. “Are you sure, baby? I’m sure we can arrange something so you won’t have to worry about making a mess every time I fuck you.”

The brunet’s face deepened in color again. Dream didn’t miss the way his dick twitched between them. “N-no. That’s not—that’s not necessary. I mean... maybe.” He paused, chewing on his lip. “Okay. Yeah, put a pin in that.”

Dream laughed and pushed back the older man’s hair. “Okay.” He tipped his head at the mess on the floor. “For now, how about you clean that up, hmm?”

George nodded. He kissed Dream’s wrist then stepped out of his hold, making a move for the kitchen before Dream stopped him.

“Ah, ah, ah,” the blond chided. “You have everything you need to clean it up right here.”

George just blinked at him in confusion.

The younger man brushed a thumb across George’s mouth. “Right *here*.”

His jaw dropped, but he couldn’t seem to make any noise. His cock twitched again, hardening bit by bit. Then, so fast Dream didn’t see him move, George dropped to his knees before him, gazing up at him with brown eyes burning with desire.

Dream laughed and patted his head. “Good boy. Get to it, if you want a reward.”

George looked up at him, unsure as he bent to put his mouth to the carpet. He made a face as his tongue made contact with the rough fibers, but he made every effort to get his cum out.

Dream did his pants back up, standing over the older man fully dressed while George licked the floor without a scrap of clothing on him. It was enough to make the blond start to get hard again, too.

He circled George slowly, admiring his work. His thighs were coated with cum—mostly Dream’s, but he bet some of George’s hadn’t quite made it to the floor. His hips and arms had clear red spots where Dream had held him too hard. Dream squatted down beside him to run a finger over his

marks. George turned his head with a hum, looking at him with curious eyes once again swallowed by subspace.

“Mm-mm. Keep working, baby.” Dream kept his voice soft, soothing his sub as he debased himself so willingly. “Just let me look at you.”

George obeyed without a thought.

It didn’t take long to clean up the majority of the mess (Dream would go over it again later with actual cleaner, but at least most of it had been cleaned up). George kept his nose to the ground until Dream told him to sit back up and kneel.

“Hmm.” Dream smiled and wiped a bit of spit from the brunet’s chin, squatting right beside him. “Pretty boy. I love when you obey me so easily. Makes me realize how much you trust me. Ah, ah,” he cut George off when he went to speak. “You don’t have to say anything. You’re so good for me. You deserve a treat now, I think.”

George nodded frantically as Dream stood, his eyes shining with excitement as the blond loomed over him with a hand still on his chin.

“Yeah? Think you’ve earned it? Tell me.”

“Yes sir, I deserve it.”

Dream brushed his thumb over the older man’s mouth, smirking when he kissed it gently. “Yes, you do. My good boy. Open.”

George obeyed, his mouth opening wide with his tongue hanging out the slightest bit.

“That’s it.” Dream pressed his thumb on his tongue. “Keep it open.”

George made an affirmative noise as Dream pulled his thumb back and bent down. His eyes widened as he understood what Dream was doing half a second before he did it.

Dream spit right into his mouth.

The older man moaned, eyes fluttering briefly but staying open as he curled his tongue to keep Dream’s spit in his mouth.

“Good fucking boy,” Dream purred, holding the brunet’s chin so he could see everything: his dilated pupils, messy hair, and wet mouth. “Swallow.”

George obeyed, his throat bobbing as he swallowed, maintaining eye contact with Dream the whole time. He opened his mouth when he was done to show Dream he’d done as he asked.

“So eager for me,” Dream said. “Even after I just did as you asked and didn’t let you get your couch dirty. I even helped you clean out your mouth. What do you say, George?”

“Thank you, sir.”

“Oh?” Dream asked, eyeing between George’s legs like he’d only just noticed how hard he was getting, plumping up against pale thighs. “What’s this?”

“Um…” George shifted, hands twitching like he wanted to cover himself. He kept them at his sides, though. Good boy.

“You’re *still* hard, even after all that?” Dream tsked. He lifted his foot to gently press the toe of his shoe against George’s balls. The older man straightened from his slouch immediately, thighs spreading. “I don’t know what I was expecting. I should’ve known once wouldn’t be enough. You’re my dirty little slut, after all.”

“Y-yessir. M’sorry sir.”

“Don’t apologize, sweetheart. I love it when you get all desperate and needy for me.” He pressed harder for half a second until George gasped, then took his foot away. “Alright, baby. Get to the bedroom. We need lube for this next part.”

George hesitated for a moment, looking between Dream and the bedroom door, then started crawling.

Dream muffled a sound—laugh or groan, he wasn’t sure. Only George could do something so wholly unexpected and so completely sexy.

Dream followed him, admiring the view as he crawled slowly to his destination, then slipped past him to get to the bedside table before George could make it all the way inside.

By the time George knelt by the bed, Dream had stripped fully and sat on the edge of the bed with the lube in hand. George knocked his head against Dream’s knee, grinning up at him.

Dream laughed and ruffled his head. “Cute. Get up here, kitten. I’ve got plans for you.”

George sprang up and slid into Dream’s lap, his arms coming around his neck like it was the easiest thing he’d ever done. Dream pulled them both back so Dream lay on his back, George straddling him and pressing hisses to his cheeks.

“‘m too sore to go again,” George whispered between pecks. “Sorry. Hope that doesn’t derail your plans.”

“Nah, the railing already happened,” Dream quipped, just to get an eye roll from George. “Figure hands on dicks is fine for now?”

George hummed and moved his kisses down to Dream’s neck. “Hands on dicks sounds perfect.”

“Good.”

Dream rearranged them so both their hands were lubed generously and they could both reach, rutting against one another.

George’s breaths puffed against Dream’s collarbone as the blond worked him over, twisting the way he’d learned to twist and picking the pace George set with his hips. The older man’s hand was around Dream’s cock as well, focusing mainly on the head the way Dream liked.

Something about it was nostalgic, even though the two of them had never been in that position together: easy mutual handjobs between young lovers, hickeys hidden just beyond where clothes would cover.

Both of them were sensitive from earlier and still pent up from a week apart after a week of marathon sex, so it didn’t take long for either of them to finish a second time.

They lay in the afterglow, George collapsed on top of Dream with both their cum sticking between them. It didn’t matter. They needed to shower before they went to their respective social gatherings

anyway.

George sighed softly and Dream's arm around him rose with the motion. "I think I could get addicted to you."

"I think I already am," Dream admitted.

George turned his head to look up at Dream. "Think this is the time we talk about it?"

"Fine, yes. I *do* think your morning breath smells. It's *just* how it is, George, I can't—"

"No!" George cried, jabbing his elbow into Dream's ribs until he stopped talking. "I mean the *feelings* talk, you dick."

"Yeah." Dream's heart was hammering in his chest. This time for a completely different reason than before. "Yeah, I think we should talk about it."

George maneuvered so he could look Dream in the eye without craning his neck. "You go first?"

Dream rolled his eyes. "Fine, if I must." George jabbed him again, so he went on, seriously this time. "So, I kinda started getting a crush on you months ago? Like, obviously I thought you were hot and I liked buying you things and taking care of you, but somewhere... I dunno. It just got very parasocial. Then you gave me your name and your Snapchat, and it just... snowballed from there. I tried to keep it cool and not freak you out too much, but, uh... I don't think I did a very good job."

"No, you didn't," George agreed coolly.

"Thanks," Dream scoffed. "See if I ever tell you I like-like you ever again."

George giggled and kissed Dream's chin, so quick and light Dream wasn't completely sure it happened. "Would it make you feel better if I told you I like-like you, too?"

Dream stared at him, examining his face for any hint of a joke. "Really?"

The older man nodded. "I thought *I* was being obvious. I'm a really private person, which is important in my line of work."

"Understandably."

"But you just... I really liked your voice? Like, even before I saw your face—hell, before we even private chatted—I trusted you. Like, more than I should've. It took me a while to figure out *why*. I'm not the best at figuring out how I feel for people. But with you, it just... I don't know. It clicked."

He didn't seem to be going further, so Dream prompted, "So... what do you want? From this? Us?"

"I want there to *be* an us, for starters."

"Me too."

George wiggled, extracting himself from Dream's arms to sit up and look at him, anxiety ringing through him like a gong. "And I don't want to be your sugar baby."

Dream sat up with him. "What?"

"I mean—you can buy me things or whatever. Kind of comes with the package, but..." George bit

his lip. "I only agreed to be your sugar baby to have an excuse to see you when I got here just in case you only saw me as a hookup."

Dream's jaw dropped, his hand clutching his chest in relief. "I only *asked* you to be my sugar baby because I wanted to see you in case *you* only saw *me* as a hookup!"

George's eyes widened. "Really?"

"Yes!" Dream grabbed his hand. "I didn't want to push you, but I figured buying you pretty things and sucking your dick would be a nice offer."

"It was a very nice offer." George's gaze softened as Dream lifted his hand to his mouth and kissed each of his knuckles. "So..."

"So?"

"Fuck it! Dream." George leaned toward him, making sure to meet his eye. "Do you want to be my boyfriend?"

Dream stared at him for a long moment. There weren't many times in his life he was certain time stopped, but this was one of them.

Here was George, the man he'd been fantasizing about for months, asking to be his boyfriend. To be *Dream's* boyfriend. He was leaning over Dream, with *Dream's* marks on his neck, bruises in the shape of *Dream's* fingers on his hips. His sleepy eyes gazed at Dream in expectation and trepidation, biting his lip as he awaited his reply.

Surely, Dream had fallen asleep, because this was one of the best dreams he'd ever had.

"Dream?" George whispered, frowning as Dream continued to stare at him in silence. "Did you hear m—*ah!*"

Dream flipped them in an instant, throwing George on his back and immediately pressing loud, sloppy kisses all over his face and neck. George shrieked, squirming and laughing as he tried to get out from under him.

"Dream! Dream, heh, stop! Stop, *stop!*"

With a parting nip to the brunet's neck, Dream went up to kiss George on the mouth, slower and deeper than all the others. He knew, logically, that he couldn't communicate all the words he couldn't say through his kiss, but god dammit he was trying.

"Yes," he breathed against George's lips. "Yes, yes."

"Yes?"

"Yes!" Dream slid his arms between George and the bed, holding the smaller man against him even with the drying fluids sticking to both of them.

George dissolved into giggles and held Dream's face between his hands, cradling him like he was something precious. "You're such an idiot," he said fondly. A kiss to the tip of Dream's nose followed the taunt, nullifying whatever offense Dream might've taken from it.

Again, Dream didn't have words to respond.

So he took George in his arms and held him until they both had to get up.

Dream left the older man's—his *boyfriend's*—apartment several hours later freshly showered with a few more love bites hidden just under the collar of his hoodie. He was walking on air. He barely noticed the drive home, or the asshole who cut him off at the red light, or the shitty pop music playing on the radio.

Then he let himself in his apartment and came crashing back down to earth at the absolute mess inside.

“What the hell?”

“Dream!” Sapnap poked his head out of the kitchen, beaming. “You’re back!”

“I am.” Dream stepped around one of the dozens of boxes strewn about his apartment. “So are you. And you brought...” He pulled something long and feathery out of a box. “Uh... feather boas? Is the Showgirl Convention moving in, or are you exploring your drag career?”

Karl appeared behind Sapnap, not-so-subtly slipping his hands around the younger man's waist. “They’re for the party! One of my friends in the theatre department hooked us up with the key to their prop room.”

That explained the feathers, and the sequins, and the mirror disco ball taking up Dream's favorite spot on the couch.

Dream slung the boa he'd picked up around his neck. It was purple with silver flecks. “You know how small this apartment is, right? We can't put up all these decorations *and* fit our friends.”

“It's fine,” Sapnap said, kicking one of the boxes by his feet. “Some of these are full of booze.”

Dream snorted. “Of course they are.”

“Come help us!” Karl chirped, turning away from Sapnap to go back to arranging bottles of liquor on the counter. “We've got a bunch of people coming over in like, two hours.”

Dream rolled his eyes but joined them anyway.

By the time nine o'clock rolled around, the apartment was unrecognizable. Most of the furniture had been pressed against the walls to make room for the dancefloor. The ceiling was covered in a thick layer of feather boas and string lights, the disco ball tucked into the corner so no one (Dream) hit their head on it.

Dream, too, was done up. He'd put on some black eyeliner with his predetermined outfit: a tight black button up that made him feel hot (both aesthetically and by temperature), cream slacks, and a few chains he only brought out for special occasions. Karl slung a bright green boa around Dream's shoulders when he emerged from his room, and since he was still in such a good mood from his afternoon with George, Dream let it happen.

By ten, most of their friends were crammed into their living space, booze flowing freely and music drowning out most everyone's voices.

Dream had gotten a text from George around the time he was pouring his second drink.

Fit check. Gonna miss you tonight. Happy New Year, handsome. <3

Attached was a selfie (PG-13, this time) of George's outfit—one of the deep purple silk shirts Dream had gotten him, a white lace choker around his throat, grinning lips painted with pink gloss.

Dream stared adoringly at the picture for a long time after that, until Bad came into the kitchen where he was making heart eyes at his phone. He caught a glimpse of the text over Dream's shoulder before clapping him on the arm. "Dream!" he cooed over the music. "I didn't know you were seeing anyone! Congrats on finding someone who will put up with you!"

Dream rolled his eyes. "Oh please, I have plenty of—"

"Dream!"

He and Bad turned to see Karl and Sapnap (once again joined at the hip) waving him through the crowd.

"Dream!" Sapnap called again. "Come here! There's someone we want you to meet!"

"Go," Bad urged him. "Your picture will be here when you come back."

Dream scoffed and refilled his drink before joining his roommate by the front door.

"Dream," Karl said as a mildly inebriated Sapnap slung an arm over Dream's shoulder—or tried to, given their height difference. "This is George. He just moved here from England."

Dream's heart stopped.

He finally noticed the other man standing in their entryway, nervously twining pale fingers together in front of him in a way Dream was intimately familiar with.

The silk shirt was also familiar.

And so was the white lace choker.

Those glossy pink lips... Dream was *very* familiar with those. Only a few hours prior, he'd bitten those lips raw.

And those eyes.

The eyes that looked up at Dream with equal shock and awe—no doubt a perfect mirror of Dream's own expression of disbelief.

The realization dawned between one breath and the next.

George was here.

His *boyfriend*, George, was standing in his apartment.

Standing in his apartment, and extending one of those nervous hands to Dream.

"Hi," George said, yelling to be heard over the music. His lips twitched, clearly trying not to laugh. "It's nice to meet you."

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

Huge thank-you again to [kais](#), and for the amazing folks in the osb discord server for dealing with my bs and hyping me up.

Thanks to everyone on twitter who has been so supportive. You're all awesome.

[Follow me on Twitter](#) for more updates.

A final thank-you to you, dear reader, for going on this gay little journey with me. If there's ever a sequel to Slow Cherry, it will be dedicated to you.

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